In Memoriam.

Rev. Alexander Donaldson, D.D.

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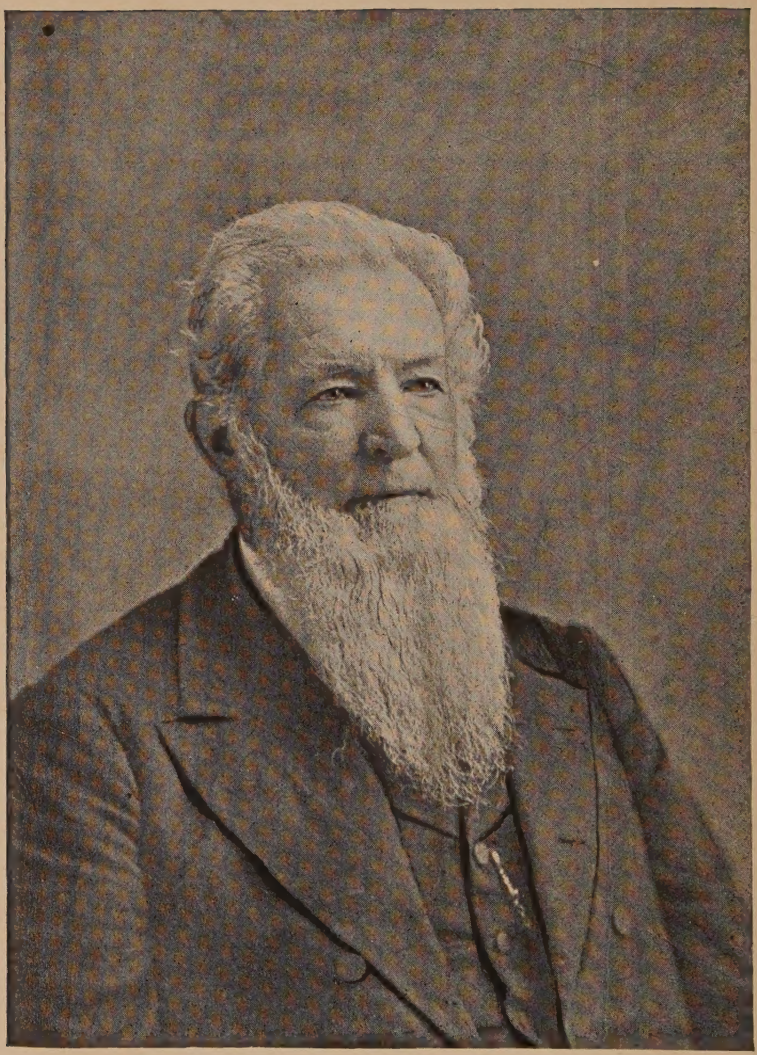

A. Donaldson

A SKETCH

—OF THE—

LIFE AND CHARACTER

—OF THE—

Rev. Alexander Donaldson, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE

ELDERSRIDGE AND WEST LEBANON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES

—AND—

FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL

—OF—

ELDERSRIDGE ACADEMY, PA.

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—BY—

REV. D. H. SLOAN, D.D.,

TOGETHER WITH

SUNDRY TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

"The Memory of the Just is Blessed."

1890.

ELM STREET PRINTING COMPANY
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NOTE.

To render a service such as is attempted in the following pages is the last thing to which any thoughtful person would run uncalled. This I have not done. Several years before Dr. Donaldson's death, at a time when he thought that his end might be near, he called me aside on a certain occasion, stated his apprehensions, and said: "If anything is written in regard to me when I am gone, I wish you to perform the service." But even with this conditional injunction laid upon me, I would not have thought of moving in the matter had I not been asked and urged by the surviving members of his immediate family to aid them in preparing the contents of a small volume, to be published as a tribute of affection to the memory of the departed husband and father, and as a memorial of his life and work.

While, owing to the ardent love cherished by me for this venerable father and honored friend, the task is a peculiarly pleasant one, I can not but regret that it had not fallen to the lot of some one with more time and more special fitness for the delicate and important service. To the friends above alluded to and to various others I am indebted for material facts and valuable suggestions. I wish in this connection to make special mention of Prof. T. B. Elder, with the product of whose facile pen the pages that follow have been greatly enriched.

What follows is designed to be strictly what its title imports—a sketch, made up from the best available sources of information, and chiefly for the eyes of his more immediate friends, of the career on earth of one whom they hold and wish to hold in

affectionate remembrance. Of the inadequacy of such a sketch to portray the life and worthily to perpetuate the memory of such a man, no one can be more painfully aware than the writer. Such were his experience and character, and such the work done and influence exerted by him, that if, as one has suggested, "there could be found a Boswell for such a Johnson," a biography might be written that would at once charm and instruct. But such a performance, this in no sense professes to be. The necessary limits of this Memorial forbid that it should much exceed a mere outline of leading facts in the history of the subject of it; and as such it is offered to those who may read it, as a loving tribute to the memory of one whom all who knew him delighted to honor, and whose truest memorial is the affection cherished for him in the hearts of those who knew him best.

D. H. S.

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Rev. ALEXANDER DONALDSON, D.D.

Born, August 30, 1808 ;

Graduated, September, 1835 ;

Licensed, April 4, 1838 ;

Married, May 30, 1839 ;

Ordained, June 20, 1839 ;

Married, November 6, 1879 ;

Pastor, 1838–1889.

Principal, 1847–1885 ;

Died, April 18, 1889 ;

Buried, April 20, 1889.

Rev. Alexander Donaldson, D.D.

A Sketch of His Life and Work.

INTRODUCTORY.

Certain names of persons and places have become so indissolubly linked together, that to mention one is to suggest thoughts of both. The name of old Bedford is forever associated with that of Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. Mention of Chartiers at once suggests McMillan, the "chief apostle of Western Pennsylvania," and his famous "Log Cabin College," that humble beginning of glorious things. To speak of Princeton is, by the law of association, to suggest thoughts of Hodge and Alexander. So, during the years to come, the name *Eldersridge* will carry embalmed within it memories of one, Alexander Donaldson, to whose association with it, it owes the fame that it has acquired more than to any other one thing. The name Eldersridge is not that of a city nor of a flourishing town. It denotes a rural district in one of the richest portions of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, close to its western border in the southern part, the few houses ranged along the highway at intervals within a distance of half a mile,

scarcely justifying the title of village. Saltsburg is distant about seven miles to the south, and Indiana, the county-seat, about fourteen miles to the northeast.

In this place, remote from any great commercial or literary centre, and having at the time of his location there little prestige beyond that of any country post-office, Dr. Donaldson began and finished his work of over half a century. By his work as pastor and teacher, by his influence as a Christian man and citizen, he largely shaped the fortunes of the community with which he chose to cast his lot and made it what it is. Having as a young minister found here a field of labor, he became at once absorbed in the effort to cultivate it well, and to gather from it the best fruit of which it was capable. Small for such a man as this sphere of influence may have seemed to many, he never felt that he had exhausted its possibilities; and so, spite of all suggestions to the contrary,—and seemingly attractive suggestions were not wanting,—he spent his long life in it; he gave himself to it, content all the while, and secure in the affections of a community that so richly profited by his abundant labors. And thus

> "Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

His career was not therefore eventful as that of many persons of far less note has been. In his professional life he had few changes. He did not

fill many positions. He was not the subject of frequent promotions. "Non multa, sed multum," will express at once his cherished aim of life, and its actual outcome as exhibited in his finished and splendid record.

EARLY HOME AND LIFE.

Dr. Donaldson had a Scotch-Irish ancestry. The remotest in the line of whom anything definite is known was Jacob Donaldson, his great-grandfather, who emigrated from the north of Ireland to this country about the year 1730, settling in Eastern Pennsylvania, probably in what is now Adams County. He fell in battle with the Indians, leaving behind him three daughters and one son. This son, whose name was Isaac, located in Westmoreland County near the present town of Derry, and there in 1781 was massacred by the Indians, leaving a wife and five children to mourn their great bereavement. The oldest of these children was James Donaldson, who in 1794 located in Ligonier Valley, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, having been married to his first wife in 1791. This wife having died, he was married in 1806 to Janet Wilson. He was the father of fourteen children—five sons and four daughters by his first wife, and three sons and two daughters by his second. Of the second group of children, the subject of this notice was the oldest.

Alexander Donaldson was born at the home in Ligonier Valley, Aug. 30, 1808. His early life until about the time of his majority was spent with

his parents; and, under their faithful care and training, and in diligent and energetic toil on the farm, he received a practical schooling that had a prevailing influence in making him the man he was. It was his fortune to enjoy that greatest of advantages to a child—godly, intelligent and faithful parents. Their constant endeavor was to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The father was a deeply pious and consecrated man, a man of firm faith and of prayer. He had his closet, into which he went alone twice each day—a place, as the subject of this sketch has said, "regarded by the family as the most consecrated spot on earth." He was an ardent lover of the word of God, and greatly delighted in the sanctuary and its services, and for many years was chiefly instrumental in maintaining meetings for prayer on vacant Sabbaths and on Thursday evenings. Of the mother not so much is known, but it is certain that she was in full sympathy with her husband, and his efficient helper in his religious life and work. When she became a widow, she herself ministered at the domestic altar until the discharge of that duty was assumed by her son Wilson.

Dr. Donaldson, in his "History of the Donaldson Family," published in 1878, gives a picture revealing at once the deeply religious character of his father and the manner of the home in which his own young life was molded. Of his father he says: "To a degree seldom witnessed, he was 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' If he stopped to rest a few minutes, he

would generally sing a hymn from memory. Few were the days on which this did not occur a dozen times. Sabbath-day to him was indeed the

> "'Day of all the week the best,
> Emblem of eternal rest.'

"He knew wonderfully well how to control its observance in the family, so that no one would ever feel like saying 'What a weariness it is!' After public service some were questioned on the sermon and others on the Scriptures or good books read at home. A few chapters of God's Word were read by the whole family circle in alternating verses. The Shorter Catechism in the same way was either wholly recited or a portion of it, with questions interspersed to draw out the meaning. Then in the twilight hour, hymns were sung from memory, each member of the circle selecting one. When the candle was lighted, some instructive book would be read by one while the rest listened, and the first one showing signs of drowsiness would be immediately put at the post of reader. Then the family worship which closed the day was an exercise in which

> 'Heaven came down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowned the mercy-seat.'

Few of us ever felt so much of heaven on earth as those never to be forgotten Sabbath evening exercises."

Such is a passing glimpse into the home in which Dr. Donaldson was born and reared. We are not surprised to know that he was dutiful, thoughtful,

and the subject of early religious impressions, nor that during all his life and ministry he laid great stress upon the training and influence of a truly Christian home as potent factors in shaping the lives and saving the souls of men. Further reference to his early home and life will be found in the admirable paper contributed by his early companion and life-long friend, Rev. George Hill, D. D., inserted in full on a subsequent page.

CONVERSION AND PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

Precisely when he became a subject of regenerating grace, there is no means of knowing. But being a child of the covenant, and carefully instructed in divine things from his earliest years, it is not unlikely that he began to love the Lord Jesus Christ almost as soon as he began to love his own parents. In his own brief autobiography he states that he was the subject of deep religious impressions when he was about eight years of age. Nor did these impressions leave him, and he was wont at times, if not habitually, to go to God confessing sin and pleading for his forgiving mercy. With his experience at this period of his life he was not wholly satisfied, although his later judgment was that he then had "a genuine religious experience." When he was nearly twenty years of age, love for the Lord who bought him, and a deepened sense of duty to him, led him to make public profession of his faith, and his subsequent life in all respects harmonized well with the profession that he had

made. In connection with a powerful revival of religion that occurred in Jefferson College during his course there, his soul was stirred to its utmost depths, and he received a fresh and fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost. So marked was the impression made upon him, that it may be said that a new era in his Christian experience then began. A fire was then kindled in his soul that burned fervently until his life's latest day. Such revelation he then had of the grace and glory of God in Christ that his faith was confirmed, his love increased, and his zeal intensified. Those who knew him, clearly saw that he was the subject of a marked change. His heart was enlarged, and he then seemed, as never before, to be "endued with power from on high." He became more humble and more consecrated, and the various graces of the Spirit with which his after-life was so enriched and beautified began to come into clearer view. In regard to this interesting occasion in his life, reference may be made to the statement of Dr. Hill in his tribute on a subsequent page.

Dr. Donaldson's mental endowments were such as to insure him success as a student, to which in a degree more than ordinary he certainly attained. A genius, in the popular acceptation of the word, he may not have been; a dazzling brilliancy of intellect he may not have possessed; but he had qualities of mind and character that usually count for more than mere "genius" or "brilliancy." He had a mind that was quick to perceive and ready to retain. But especially it is to be said

that he had a disposition and a capacity for energetic and persistent endeavor. As an illustration of his fondness for learning and an early prophecy of his triumphs in the fields of science and theology, it is on record that "he went first to school at three years of age, and at four could read fluently in the Bible, and could repeat all the Shorter Catechism."

At an early age his thoughts were turned toward the work of the gospel ministry, and he felt himself drawn toward it, but for a time he was deterred from actually seeking to enter on it, because he did not think himself possessed of the requisite qualifications. He feared whether one such as he then regarded himself ought to aspire to a work so high and so holy. His choice of the ministry of reconciliation as his life-work, and the manner in which he struggled amid the difficulties that beset his way, and through the years of preparatory study, may be most fittingly related in his own words, found in his "History of the Donaldson Family," as follows:

"Ardent veneration for Rev. George Hill, the pastor of his childhood, and a benediction pronounced upon him, under fourteen years of age, by the dying pastor, made him think that nothing else in the world could be so desirable as to be a minister. Notwithstanding this, when frequently and earnestly urged by his father, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, to commence study for that purpose, a sense of limited ability made him feel it impossible to master the requis-

ite course of study. But in his twenty-second year, his cousin, James Wilson, who had just completed a collegiate course, and found by experience the measure of talent required to master it, succeeded in persuading him that with proper effort he could do it. When the secondary question was raised as to where the means could be obtained, James Wilson remarked: 'If you consecrate all your life and powers to God, trusting in him, and then push on through difficulties, however formidable they may seem, you will be surprised to see in how many ways God will open up your path and lead you onward to success.' That sentence has been the index-board of guidance and encouragement in all subsequent life. His horse and some wheat were sold for one hundred and fifty dollars, the capital with which he commenced. Feeling with Paul, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' in six months his arrangements were made for a life of study. When two months over twenty-two years of age, November 1, 1830, he let go the handles of the plow—which he will never cease to venerate—and took up the Latin grammar, which he has learned intensely to admire. The first year was spent in the family of his pastor, Rev. Samuel Swan, of ever blessed memory, managing his farm as a compensation for board and tuition, during which time over twenty dollars additional was earned. A year later he entered the Freshman Class of Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, with some conditions which were soon made up. All through the

course boarding was obtained in an economical way. During three five-month terms, work was done on the College farm to the amount of seventy-five dollars. During another year the superintendence of that farm secured his boarding and fuel. Graduating in September, 1835, he filled the place of tutor in the College for the following year, at a salary of three hundred dollars; and for presiding and keeping order in the College building he obtained his board and fuel. At the same time, under the President and the Vice-President of the College, he pursued the studies of the Junior Class in the Seminary. The next year he pursued the theological studies of the Middle Class, in the family and under the judicious instruction of his venerated pastor. There, as before, he superintended the farm for boarding and tuition, earning over twenty dollars by teaching James McConaughey, while his own youngest brother was also so far taught as to prepare him for the Freshman Class in college. In November, 1837, he entered the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny for the studies of the Senior year. Before the first term of six months closed, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Blairsville, at Saltsburg, April 4, 1838, and April 8, the following Sabbath, preached his first two sermons at Eldersridge. During a six weeks' vacation, in May and June, he again preached there and also at Currie's Run. Then, after another three months' term at the Seminary, he returned to remain permanently with these congregations.

Thus, in two months less than eight years, the whole course of study was completed, without any draft on the Church's funds, or any gifts received to the value of five dollars, but an indebtedness remained of two hundred and fifty dollars."

Not only during these years of formal preparation was Dr. Donaldson a student, but such he remained to the end of his life. He never spoke of having "finished" his education. To have allowed his powers of mind to rust in inaction, he would have considered a sin. Knowledge he prized above silver or gold. Acquisitions once made he held with a tenacity seldom equaled, and in the treasure which he so sedulously sought was never so rich as when he died.

PASTOR.

When Dr. Donaldson had once decidedly set his face toward the ministry, his heart was fixed, nor did he seem to have cast so much as "one lingering look behind." Before entering on his chosen calling, it had seemed to him a supremely grand and solemnly responsible thing to be an ambassador for Christ, and this feeling deepened rather than diminished during all the years of his work. God's truth he held most precious, and deemed that the grandest work in which any mortal can engage is to employ it in the appointed way as a means of winning souls to Christ. Hence, although he found time for other work, it was never at the expense of the great mission to which he felt that God had called him. In a sense

or on occasion he was many things, but first of all he was a preacher of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," and pastor of the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. Whatever else he undertook he regarded as subordinate to his strictly ministerial work, so that at all times he might in truth have said, "This one thing I do."

Beginning his course of preparatory study somewhat late in life, he was nearly thirty-one years old before he was ready to enter fully upon his chosen work as a minister of the everlasting gospel. And yet, in the good providence of God, it was given him to fulfill a ministry which for length has rarely been equaled in the history of the Church. For fifty-one years he continued "witnessing both to small and great." He gave to the Church a thoroughly conscientious and faithful ministry, and, by the blessing of God on it, a ministry greatly fruitful of good. Words must ever fail adequately to represent the preaching and praying, the work of public instruction and of private counsel, the wrestlings of soul and holy aspirations, with which those years were filled. But they have full expression and lasting place in the book of God's remembrance.

He began his ministry at Eldersridge the Sabbath after he was licensed, April 8, 1838, preaching as a supply. This church and also Currie's Run, about ten miles distant, he continued to supply for a year, except for three months, during which time he was at the Seminary. During six

months of this year he also supplied the church at Apollo, then called Warren, on alternate Sabbaths. In April, 1839, he was called to become pastor of the churches of Eldersridge and Currie's Run, giving half time to each. The total salary offered was five hundred dollars. These calls he accepted, and was ordained and installed at Eldersridge, June 20, 1839. The two churches thus situated made for him a laborious field. In March, 1853, the Eldersridge congregation was divided, about a third of it being organized into a separate congregation at West Lebanon, about four miles distant from the parent church. That he might be free to take the new church under his pastoral care, he was released from Currie's Run in April, 1853, and in the changed charge thus constituted, he continued to the time of his death. The call from the parent church was for two-thirds of his time, and from the new organization for one-third, the salary of five hundred dollars being paid in the same proportion. After five years, without any change in the calls, he gave every Sabbath a service in the morning at Eldersridge and one in the afternoon at West Lebanon, very often preaching in addition in some school-house at night or late in the afternoon. Thus he was "in labors abundant." In 1855, his salary was advanced to six hundred dollars, and in 1867 to one thousand dollars yearly, at which last figure it remained to the end of his pastorate.

During his time of service three new churches were erected in his charge. In 1845, a plain but

commodious brick church was built at Eldersridge, to take the place of the primitive structure of logs. This was superseded, in 1879, by the present large and handsome house of worship, in two stories. In the completion and occupancy of this comely sanctuary the pastor found great satisfaction. At West Lebanon, in 1878, a neat frame church, in two stories, was erected, to take the place of the original and not very satisfactory structure of brick.

An occasion of much interest in the pastorate of Dr. Donaldson was the celebration, in April, 1873, in connection with the meeting of Presbytery at Eldersridge, of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his settlement there. At this time he read a condensed history, prepared by himself, of the churches of the Presbytery, more especially during the time of his connection with it. By previous arrangement, effected by himself and sanctioned by the Presbytery, Rev. W. W. Woodend, D. D., delivered an address on "Presbyterianism;" Rev. R. B. Walker, D. D., one on "The Pastorate;" Rev. George Hill, D. D., one on "Education in Connection with Presbyterianism," and his brother, Rev. W. M. Donaldson, read an anniversary poem. All these papers were published in a pamphlet edition. On this occasion Presbytery testified its regard for Dr. Donaldson by presenting to him a large, upholstered chair.

An occasion of still rarer interest occurred April 11, 1888. Upon his invitation, Presbytery held its spring meeting at Eldersridge, and in connec-

tion with it joined the congregations of his charge in celebrating the semi-centennial of his settlement. The occasion was one of deep and tender interest, and, besides the members of the Presbytery and a vast assemblage of the people of the immediate community, many ministerial and other friends came to offer their congratulations to this eminent servant of God.

The church was tastefully decorated, the day was auspicious, a deep feeling of affectionate interest pervaded the congregation that more than equaled the capacity of the church, all the arrangements were carried through without a jar, and thus everything seemed to conspire to make the rare occasion a perfect one of its kind. A white silk banner on one side of the pulpit, with the date "1838," and budding flowers as an emblem, fittingly represented the commencement of the pastorate; a dark banner on the other side, with the date "1888," and a golden sheaf of ripened wheat as an emblem, was a beautiful type of its consummation. With quiet ardor Dr. Donaldson entered into the spirit of the occasion, and, his noble face wearing a look of devout gladness, he was sought by all eyes with looks of affection and admiration.

The special exercises of this anniversary, as summarized in the records of Presbytery, were the following: "(1) Anthem by the Choir. (2) Introductory remarks by Rev. D. J. Irwin, D. D. (3) Address on behalf of Presbytery, by Rev. Franklin

Orr, and presentation to Dr. Donaldson of a large album, appropriately inscribed, and containing one hundred photographs of present and former presbyterial associates. (4) A Jubilee poem, by Rev. J. J. Francis, D. D, engrossed and embellished by himself, framed in antique oak by elders of the Presbytery, read and presented in a short address by Rev. D. H. Sloan. (5) Presentation, by Rev. J. S. Elder, on behalf of Eldersridge, and by Rev. L. Mechlin, on behalf of West Lebanon, of a 'golden offering;' also, on behalf of the ladies of the congregations, of a chair to Mrs. Donaldson. (6) Response to the addresses and offerings, by Dr. Donaldson. (7) Reminiscences of the 'Old Log Church,' by Rev. J. S. Elder. (8) Remarks and prayer, by Rev. G. W. Mechlin, D. D. (9) Benediction, by Dr. Donaldson.

The memorial album, Dr. Donaldson, while he lived, regarded as one of his chief treasures, affording him more pleasure than perhaps anything that could have been given him. Many of the brethren whose faces appeared in it had already preceded him to "the general assembly and church of the first-born;" others had removed to far distant places; and, turning its pages over, he not only reviewed the past, filled up with labors for Christ in connection with these fellow-servants of God, but his thoughts were carried forward to the time of blessed reunion in the heavenly kingdom — a prospect that was wondrously real to him, and in which his holy soul deeply delighted.

The poem contributed by Dr. Francis so happily embodied the spirit of this jubilee anniversary that it deserves to be copied entire, as follows:

"O man of God, a thousand hearts greet thee in love to-day;
For richest blessings on thy head a thousand voices pray;
Across the mountains and the plains, and o'er the heaving sea,
Thy friends of young and later years are thinking now of thee.

"Here, standing nobly in thy place where fifty years ago
God set thee first to lead his flock where quiet waters flow,
Thy sons and daughters come from far, to celebrate with thee,
Amid these old familiar scenes, thy year of jubilee.

"From hundred homes and churches, north and south, and east and west.
They come, one thought in every mind, one wish in every breast;
And others, absent in the flesh, in spirit join their friends,
And send thee gladdest messages from earth's remotest ends.

"As backward thou dost glance along the pathway of the years,
And live again amid its scenes of mingled smiles and tears,

What memories of by-gone times throng in upon thy heart!
What recollections of the past into new being start!

"As half a century's waves have rolled around this hallowed spot,
What land-marks they have swept away! What changes time hath wrought!
In all the eager, happy throng around thee here to-day,
Where are the friends of long ago? The fathers, where are they?

"The children on whose heads thy hands in blessing lay
When thou wast young, are grandsires now, themselves grown old and gray;
And children's children with them here are gathered 'round thy door,
In love and gratitude to press those wrinkled hands once more.

"A long, long journey thou hast come since fifty years to-day,
And thou hast seen the old and young fall 'round thee by the way,
Till heaven itself is filling up with those whom thou dost know,
And greater numbers wait thee *there* than greet thee *here* below.

"As toward the setting sun thy feet press on with fearless tread,
The shadows are behind thee now, the light is all ahead —

Blest light which, through the open gates, pours 'round
thee from above,
To guide thee to that happy home, where all is light and
love.

"Soon, soon, alas! — for us, not thee — the hastening
hour draws nigh,
When from the ladder's topmost round thou'lt step into
the sky,
When thou shalt hear the Master say, thy race in
triumph run,
Those sweetest of approving words, 'Thou faithful one,
well done.'

"'Well done the work I gave to thee all through thy
lengthened life;
Well wrought by thee each daily task; well fought the
earthly strife;
Henceforth a crown of righteousness thy brow in heaven
shall wear;
Enter thou into all my joy, in all my glory share.'

"God bless thee, then! We soon shall part to meet
again no more,
Till we have joined the blood-washed throng upon the
heavenly shore,
Where, clad with pure and spotless robes, with crown
and harp and palm,
Together we shall sing 'the song of Moses and the
Lamb.'"

Being in the eightieth year of his age, and rheumatism of several years' standing having made locomotion and even travel by conveyance a mat-

ter of difficulty, it seemed to Dr. Donaldson fitting, that with the completion of fifty years of service he should seek release from his pastoral charge. Accordingly, at the meeting of Presbytery, in December, 1887, he asked release, and the congregations were cited to answer as to this request at the April meeting above referred to. The suggestion of separation came with a shock to the feelings of his devoted people, and the general sentiment of his charge was voiced by Elder S. P. Townsend, speaking with much emotion for the congregation of Eldersridge, "The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And so the pastoral relation, that had continued with mutual satisfaction for half a century, was not disturbed until another year had been added to it, and the divine Head of the Church had issued his decree for the dissolution. It is just to the people of the charge to say, that in protesting against the release of their aged and beloved pastor, it was with the understanding on their part that they would procure for him the assistance of occasional supplies or of a co-pastor, as might seem necessary or most pleasing to him. On the other hand, it is just to the memory of Dr. Donaldson, to state that he went on with his work as before, and, "having obtained help of God," rendered his customary pastoral services until, at the end of the year, he was suddenly released by a voice that said to this willing servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and his Church, "It is enough; come up higher."

During the entire period of his ministry he sustained the most cordial relations to his people. It may safely be said that few pastors have been loved as he was. And a ready explanation may be found in this fact, that few pastors have loved their people just as he did. He gave them without stint the sympathy of his great heart, sincerely interesting himself in all that affected their welfare, temporal or spiritual. He regarded them as *his* people, to instruct, to encourage, to console, and to guide on their way to heaven. Himself he ever held their servant for Jesus' sake. In his thought and affection they all had a place, not merely as a whole, but in detail also. He made it a point to know his people and to cultivate their acquaintance. So sympathetic was he, and so readily did he adapt himself to varying circumstances, that he was alike welcome and helpful on occasions of gladness and of grief. He always seemed at home and in place, whether at a barn-raising, a wedding, or a funeral. He was especially attentive and tender in cases of sickness and bereavement, and his very presence on such occasions was felt as a consolation and a benediction.

He was an ardent lover of children and young people, and so noticed them, both in his social intercourse and in his public ministrations, that they were among his warmest friends.

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

It was never his way to care for the sheep and neglect the lambs of the flock. The covenant relation of the children to Christ and his Church he recognized, and sought to have them early recognize and feel it, too. As opportunity offered, he was wont to remind them of the claim of the Lord Jesus upon them, and so aptly and affectionately did he do this, that in his gentle words many a soul seemed to hear the very voice of the Savior saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Amid his varied labors and cares he never lost sight of the great errand on which he was sent; always he coveted and strove to be a winner of souls to Christ. As a consequence, his ministry was prevailingly fruitful of good results, and quite frequently his heart was cheered by large ingatherings. The grace of God as manifested in saving men he profoundly admired and sought in every way to magnify. To see a work of grace or to hear of it made his heart glad.

Dr. Donaldson was an able and impressive preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Never was he so much in his glory as when in the pulpit. To him it was an exalted and sacred place, and he would not have left it to ascend a throne of temporal power. With all possible emphasis he could say:

"I love to tell the story
Of Jesus and his love."

His power as a preacher lay not in any artificialities pertaining to either the composition or the

delivery of his sermons. He loved the truth of God, and believed in it profoundly, as adapted to the soul's needs, as having in it, when applied by the Spirit, "the power of God unto salvation." His constant endeavor was to hold forth the Word of life, to declare to his hearers "the whole counsel of God." His sermons ever represented his own deep-felt convictions as to truth and duty. In reference to them his language might always have been. "I believed; therefore have I spoken." His preaching was thus characterized by a frankness, a manifest sincerity, a soul-earnestness, that made it impressive. His sermons were richly scriptural and experimental; and being carefully thought out, arranged in logical order, and appropriately and often felicitously expressed, they could not fail to be understood by any thoughtful hearer. They who sat under his ministry never had occasion to say of him, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" In his preaching he had careful regard to the order and proportion of Christian truth, and to the wants of the people to whom he ministered, so ordering and timing his labors that they might be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." With him religion was something that concerned the understanding as well as the emotions, and, as a result of his long-continued and well-directed labors, the people of his charge were eminently well instructed and indoctrinated in the great truths of Christianity, and the distinctive principles of Presbyterianism.

As having relation to his work as a preacher and pastor, the following from the pen of Rev. D. J. Irwin, D. D., his nearest ministerial neighbor, may be quoted: "I think the distinguishing characteristic of Dr. Donaldson was his spirituality. This permeated his whole being, and gave tone to every action of his life. He was thoroughly conscientious in all he did. Perhaps no other man was more intimately acquainted with his ministerial and social life than myself. For twenty eight years we preached in adjoining congregations, and we were often thrown together in the discharge of our ministerial duties. In all these years there was not a single incident to disturb the harmony of our social or ministerial intercourse. I never heard him speak an unkind word, and I never knew him to do a selfish or unprofessional act, although our congregations overlapped each other, and we were very frequently brought into the bounds of each other's parishes in the discharge of our pastoral duties. I very often asked his advice in regard to my work, especially in the first years of my ministry, and I always found it safe to follow the advice that he gave. I never knew a man who retained his mental vigor to such a remarkable degree in the advanced age to which he lived. Both in his writings and in his sermons, during the last years of his life, there was to my mind positive evidence that he not only grew in grace but also in mental vigor until the very close of his life. In all the essential elements

of true manhood he had few equals and no superiors."

Dr. Donaldson, at least in later years, seldom wrote his sermons in full, and almost never used manuscript or even notes in the pulpit. But to preach without preparation was at variance alike with his principles and his practice. Yet he held the word of God and the results of his own previous thinking in his mind in such ready solution, that he could preach on short notice, and often with admirable adaptation to the occasion. As illustrating his readiness and the retentiveness of his memory, it may be remarked that while assisting in communion services at Leechburg a few years before his death, a certain text occurred to his mind. He preached from it with power, seeming to have his sermon well in hand; and yet in the course of delivery he remarked that he had preached the sermon thirty years before, and had never repeated it till then.

But no account in words can be made to convey to those who never heard him a distinct and adequate idea of him as a preacher of the gospel. Others, it may be granted, have been as learned. Many have equaled or exceeded him in elaborateness of preparation and in literary adornment. Many have had a more striking manner; that is, if stress be laid on elocutionary arts and dramatic attitudes. And yet, with his richly scriptural matter, his grandly simple manner, and his heavenly unction, making him at times seem to speak with almost inspired lips, few have preached

with more uniform acceptance and power than he; and now that his voice is hushed in death, many who heard him, as they look upon his pictured features, will inwardly exclaim, "Oh, that those lips had language!"

The following summary of ministerial work performed was made by himself when, to use his own expression, "less than four months would complete fifty favored years of ministerial labors," Mrs. Donaldson since his death having supplied the necessary additions, so that as here given the exhibit covers the entire period of his ministerial life: "District examinations, 64; family visitations with catechising and prayer, 585; communions, 405; admitted to the church on profession of faith, 1,720; sermons preached, 6,893; prayer-meetings held, 2,596; other addresses, 327; visits to the afflicted, 2,553; funerals officiated at, 437; adults baptized, 116; children baptized, 1,121; marriage ceremonies performed, 324."

PRESBYTER.

Dr. Donaldson was in all respects a model presbyter. With him it was a matter of religious duty to be present at the meetings. No considerations of distance, weather, roads, press of other duties, or mere personal convenience were ordinarily strong enough to prevent his attendance. The records of the Presbyteries of Blairsville and Kittanning show that of two hundred stated quarterly meetings held during the time of his pastorate, he was present at 188, the most of

his twelve absences occurring within the last few years of his life, when often he made long trips to Presbytery spite of the protests of his friends. During eighteen years of connection with the Presbytery of Blairsville, he missed but a single stated meeting, and that through sickness. Moreover, he ever made it a rule to be present at the exact time of opening and to stay to the close. If the way thither was long, he simply started the sooner. Brethren betimes would jocosely say, "The time can not be up, for Dr. Donaldson is not here yet." And if by any chance he asked leave of absence, it was at once assumed that he had weighty reason; and often he "vexed his righteous soul" at the clamor sometimes raised by others to get away. Being thus in almost constant attendance, and at all times an honored and influential member, his absence, when it chanced to occur, was specially noticed and regretted, the brethren at once loving the man, delighting in the cheer of his presence, and looking upon him as an efficient leader and wise counsellor. He was present at the meetings, not merely from a sense of duty, but because of the positive enjoyment he found in them.

In view of his age and position, he was for many years regarded as "the father of the Presbytery," and from 1877 to the time of his death his name stood in honored pre-eminence at the head of the roll. He was ever an active and deeply interested member, though never officious nor claiming any pre-eminence. He never assumed to have a

monopoly of wisdom or authority, and had all the more influence with the brethren because he ever held himself as *par inter pares*. On important committees or commissions to visit distracted churches, his services were frequently called for, and were of great value. He was an ardent lover of peace, and naturally appeared as a peace-maker whenever there was occasion. Empty talking and tedious contention of mere points of order were always a trial to him, provoking him at times almost to a show of impatience—or even altogether. He grudged place to anything that took time and yielded no valuable result.

A circumstance that painfully affected him was the frequency with which Presbytery was called to release pastors from their charges. Change in the pastoral relation, without very urgent reason and clear providential indications, he regarded as detrimental to the best interests of both ministers and churches, and often his voice was lifted up in earnest and tender protest. At times, in such cases, he would feel a quiet indignation, and again as he thought of separation from brethren whom he loved, he would be affected almost to tears. In this matter he felt that often pastors as well as people were in fault, regarding as he did the pastoral relation as closely akin to wedlock in tenderness and sacredness. Once happily united, he thought that only causes of moment and such as were incapable of removal by becoming effort, should suffice to sunder pastor and people from each other. He believed that under favorable

conditions a pastor's influence and his usefulness to his people become greater as years go by, and that it is a serious matter for a court of the Church to put asunder what God hath joined together. His ideal, and his practical consistency with it, were shiningly illustrated in his own remarkably long and richly fruitful pastorate, his influence cumulative, and the results of his labors swelling ever into grander proportions as he neared the end of his course.

Dr. Donaldson exhibited in marked degree a love of the brethren. While holding as spiritually akin to himself all who loved his own adored and adorable Lord, he yet took specially to his heart his presbyterial associates, fully sympathizing with them in their work, and being ready to aid them in it as he might be able. He was very cordial to ministers entering the Presbytery, and especially kind and considerate toward young men, causing them at once to feel that they had a friend in him. Naturally and cheerfully in this respect, he was accustomed to "condescend to men of low estate," and many a young man felt his pathway through the Presbytery smoothed, having formed the acquaintance and gained the friendship of Dr. Donaldson.

While he deemed all the meetings of the Presbytery important, and found much pleasure in them, he had a special fondness for the winter meeting, occupied chiefly, as it is, with devotional exercises and conferences on religious themes. Once or twice when the question of dispensing with

the winter meeting was raised, it was largely through his tender and convincing representations of the pleasure and profit of this meeting, that it was retained on the yearly schedule. To him, attendance on it was going to a spiritual feast; and often in the services, his earnest addresses, his pleading prayers, and the very glow of his expressive and saintly countenance, told how deeply his great soul was stirred, and how fondly he loved the privilege of waiting on God and consulting how to advance the interests of his kingdom. On several occasions this winter conference was followed by marked interest in numbers of the churches, and for this result he accustomed himself to plead and to look, his testimony and desire finding voice in the words of the Psalmist: "Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land; thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob. Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

A mere glance through the records of Presbytery will suffice to show how conspicuous and useful a member he was. On almost every page his name occurs in one connection or another. Six times or oftener was he called to serve as moderator. Five times he was chosen to represent his Presbytery in the General Assembly—in 184–, in 1859, in 1861, in 1874, and 1882. In 1863 he was chosen to represent the Presbytery as a member of the Christian Commission, rendering service in the army of the Union. He was a delegate in 1867 to the Presbyterian Centennial Convention in Philadelphia. He also represented the Presby-

tery in the Redstone Centennial at Uniontown, Pa., in 1881. At the time of his death he was, and for years had been, chairman of the committees on Languages and on History of Presbytery. He had place also on those on Theology, Foreign Missions, Education, and Ministerial Relief.

These brief notes very inadequately represent his spirit and devotion as a presbyter and the amount and value of the service rendered by him to the Church in that capacity. Deeply does the Presbytery feel itself bereft in his death, and in every church within its bounds a sense of loss is felt. At the meeting of Presbytery held June 26, 1889, on recommendation of a committee consisting of Rev. D. J. Irwin, D. D., Rev. S. W. Miller, D. D, and Rev. A. T. Bell, a minute was adopted expressive of the feeling of Presbytery in view of his death. This minute (with omission of summary of dates, etc., found more fully in this sketch elsewhere) is as follows:

"We are apt to speak kind words of the dead. In doing so we are prone to forget the faults and to magnify the virtues that they had while living. Your committee, however, feel no embarrassment from these considerations in preparing a minute concerning our deceased friend and brother, Rev. Alexander Donaldson, D. D.

"During the whole of his ministerial life, covering a period of more than half a century, he labored within the bounds of this Presbytery, and preached the gospel of Christ to the same people. His record is known to all, and from us he needs

no eulogy. Yet it is fitting that the Presbytery should put on record their estimate of his worth, though their words may fail to do justice to the excellence of his character and the far-reaching influence and importance of his work.

"In the social walks of life he was always cheerful, affable and entertaining, which made him a pleasant and agreeable companion for all classes, especially for the young, in whom he was ever deeply interested, and whose companionship he greatly enjoyed. In the public walks of life he is known as a preacher, a pastor, a presbyter, and a teacher. In each of these relations he faithfully and conscientiously did his duty, and left the impress of his personal influence on all with whom he came into contact. He has reared for himself a monument more enduring than brass, and he needs no monumental tablet to record the deeds of his life. He can not be forgotten. Enshrined in the hearts of parishioners and Christians of all denominations, of his fellow presbyters, and also of the thousands of students whom he sent out intellectually equipped for their duties and inspired by the influence of his godly and consecrated life, his fame and deeds will be handed down from generation to generation. If greatness is to be measured by work done and results accomplished, Dr. Donaldson was truly a great man; and no one who knew him would doubt that he was a good man. 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

"While we record this testimony to his worth,

let us thank God that, though the workman may fall, the work will still go on, and every promise that God has made to his people will be fulfilled. Let all us remember that we too must pass away; and may the example of our departed brother inspire us with increased diligence in the work of the Lord, making us faithful unto death, that with him we may receive a crown of life."

In accordance with previous arrangement, Presbytery held a special memorial service in connection with the meeting at Clarksburg, October 8, 1889. The announcement brought together a large congregation, and the occasion was one of deep and tender interest. Notice of this service is made on the records of Presbytery as follows: "The order of the evening, being the service in memorial of Dr. Donaldson, was then taken up. Rev. D. J. Irwin, D. D., presided, and after devotional services, made some introductory remarks. Brief addresses on his character and work were then delivered by Rev. A. T. Bell, Prof. R. D. Wilson, Rev. Wm. M. Robinson, Rev. D. H. Sloan, D. D., and Elder E. B. Camp, and the whole was concluded with a hymn, and prayer by Rev. H. L. Mayers."

EDUCATOR.

Able and distinguished as Dr. Donaldson was as a minister of the gospel, he attained equal fame and success as a teacher of youth, and the deep impress that he has left upon his generation was largely effected in the school-room. Humble in

appearance and equipment Eldersridge Academy has ever been, yet by reason of the good work done in it by its founder and principal, it has attained to a just and a wide-spread renown. Its work still goes on; but because of the uprising of a score or more of schools in the territory which it once occupied almost alone, it has not the same relative prominence that it enjoyed in its earlier years.

Dr. Donaldson's work as an educator began almost without his knowing or planning it. In the year 1839, on the day on which he was ordained, by arrangement of Presbytery, a young man began privately to recite to him. His services in the line of imparting instruction were so appreciated that soon others sought and obtained the same privilege; and the number of students thus increasing from year to year, he at length, in 1847, secured the assistance of Mr. (now Rev.) John M. Barnett, and on the 16th of April, under a regular organization, this widely-known and useful institution of learning began its career. Its first classes met in a log cabin study. Ere long the Principal erected a small frame building, and the school was transferred to it. In 1852, the present two-story, brick building, containing school and society rooms, was erected. The cost of the school property, with repairs and interest, all of which was borne by the Principal, in 1876 amounted to four thousand dollars or more. At that time he gave over the institution to a Board of Trustees, to be carried on in perpetuity under

their direction, his principalship, however, continuing to 1885, when he yielded to the advice of friends, and resigned wholly to others his onerous but loved work in the school-room.

His name and work as an educator are well known to the world, and will not soon be forgotten. For this work he possessed rare qualifications, both natural and acquired, and in it he found great enjoyment. His character as well as the quality of his work soon gave the school a name and a prestige, and it became the resort of large numbers of choice young men, many of them coming long distances, to sit at his feet and pursue their studies under his guidance. At first only young men were admitted, but in later years the school was open on equal terms to pupils of both sexes.

In his work in the school-room Dr. Donaldson was enthusiastic, and he had the faculty of infusing a corresponding feeling into the most of his pupils. His interest in them, moreover, was so sincere, his treatment of them so frank and fatherly, and his character and life as disclosed to them so admirable, that he secured and retained to a remarkable degree the confidence and affection of his students, — an affection felt and cherished with unabated warmth by very many after decades and even scores of years have fled.

For the purpose of disclosing somewhat the secret of his rare acceptance and success as a teacher, it is a pleasure to quote at length from the language of one so well qualified to speak as Prof. T. B. Elder, for a long time one of his chief asso-

ciates in the work, and who has kindly responded to a call to contribute material for this sketch. Prof. Elder thus writes.

"He had, first of all, a large, warm, and generous heart. It took within its roomy embrace all those whom Providence, either transiently or in a more permanent way, brought within the sphere of his influence. He easily felt what lesser and more selfish natures can only affect—a deep, personal interest in their individual welfare. Into its innermost enclosures came the youth who, hungry for knowledge, sought him as a teacher. The student once enrolled in Eldersridge Academy was ever afterward his son. The student himself, as he moved amid the plain and simple rules that hemmed him in, and as he saw the evident gratification at his successes or the mortification over his failures, soon felt that he was surrounded by a love and followed by a solicitude that were nothing short of fatherly.

"There was something in his known goodness and real greatness that hedged him about with respect and made him secure from anything like impertinent approach; but there was in his own youthful spirits, so responsive to the quick and lively enthusiasm of the young, that which made him genial and easy of approach. His face fairly beamed with smiles and was always radiant with good humor as he would meet the students assembling for their morning exercises. The stately dignity of the average college professor, meditating abstractedly on the occult sciences and 'star-

ing eternally on,' as in cold and solitary grandeur he moves toward the recitation hall, would, when met in later life, be an anomaly to the students of Dr. Donaldson.

"His printed rules were few and easily understood. On the occasion of the infraction of any of them, there usually followed such a clear elucidation of the necessity of the rule to regulate the conduct of students toward teacher, fellow student or citizen, that every one would feel that it would be almost anarchy to dispense with it, or that one would be an outlaw or a monster who would willingly trample it down. He never would accept as anything like an exoneration of a breach of regulation the too common excuse, 'I never thought.' In such case he would say very emphatically, 'You should think; one of the prime elements in the make-up of a gentleman or lady is a thoughtful regard for the rights of others.' To him mere progress in the studies of the class-room was not enough, and he always felt that it took more than mere book-learning to make the good citizen and the true man, and that a teacher is responsible in this time of training, and should direct attention to all those qualifications that go to the equipment of real manhood and womanhood.

"How he would take occasion to goad the tardy and stir up the dilatory! Nothing in life stirred him to such a fever of impatience as to have dealings with a tardy or dilatory man. Punctual himself to the minute, going quickly from one duty to

another, doing whatever he did 'with his might,' the life he led gave emphasis to his words; his own busy and toilsome life made the very sight of a loafer an abhorrence and a vexation to him. His approach toward the store had generally the effect to clear the boxes and seats in front of it. The student who chanced to be there skipped around the corner, and the neighbor boy tried to make it evident that he had some business errand.

"No one knew better than he that while 'knowledge is power,' it is character that gives it direction, and that mere intellectual development without proper heart culture is a very questionable blessing; that

> 'Talents angel-bright,
> If wanting worth, are shining instruments
> In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults
> Illustrious, and give infamy renown.'

No trainer of youth ever kept it more constantly before him, that his duty to them and to the world, which many of them might influence from high positions, required him to set life before them as full of high responsibilities, and to give them an uplift toward good, to try to fill their lives with noble purpose and high endeavor. His daily prayers for them in the opening exercises of the school, specific and pointed, and fervent as they always were, while they went upward, often also went downward, and were wonderfully didatic as to all the true ends and aims of life. It was usual with him, after the devotional exercises of the morning and before the classes were called for the

daily recitations, to occupy a few minutes in talking to the students. Occasionally it would be on some topic of the time on which every one should be trying to form correct opinions, and he would give them the benefit of his own reading, observation and thought. More frequently it would be in regard to their own conduct—something more closely touching their lives at present, practical and pertinent to their daily experiences.

"There was something terrible in his denunciations of the sins of profanity, Sabbath-breaking, irreverence in the sanctuary, and the gross sins of intemperance and impurity. I have never seen a more impressive instance of 'holy indignation' than he often furnished in the Academy on occasion for rebuke of such offenses, when his face would assume an unusual pallor, his eye flash, his lip quiver, and his whole frame tremble with an intensity of feeling, as with fierce and fiery earnestness he would scathe and scorch the offense and the offender. There are few of his students who have not a vivid recollection of some scene like this, and have carried away from it convictions of the enormity of such sins against God and against society as they could not have derived from a tamer presentation. Many a student has had his vices so castigated and his youthful follies so faithfully rebuked, and withal received such an impulse toward good, that years after he has returned with gray head and made thankful acknowledgment of the providence that for a time had placed him under the Doctor's tuition in

Eldersridge Academy. Perhaps there is no book would be more in demand among the students of this Academy than a collection of his 'morning talks.' Others may have equaled or even surpassed him as a drillmaster in any particular line of study; but in conscientious and painstaking care in the training of youth aimed to fit them for a noble manhood, he has had few equals and no superiors."

What the future of this school may be, time only can reveal; but should it have absolutely no future, it must stand in history as one of the most honored and successful schools below collegiate grade in the country. As serving to give some idea of the extent and value of Dr. Donaldson's educational work in connection with this institution of his own founding, the following summary of statistics may be given: Total number of students, over twenty-six hundred; of these, one hundred and fifty have become ministers of the gospel, nine are foreign missionaries, eighty have become physicians, ninety have been admitted to the bar, of whom at least six have honored the bench, one is a college president, three are editors, one was lieutenant-governor, one was moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, numbers have been teachers in colleges and other high schools, and numbers also have been state senators and legislators. Truly, that school, perched on its natural eminence, has been as a light-house darting forth its beams into the distant parts of the earth. Had Dr. Donaldson been only

a pastor or only an educator, his work and record were such as to seem great and give lustre to his name; how much more then when regard is had to the aggregate of his achievements in his two chief fields of effort.

Here is the high estimate expressed by the *Presbyterian Banner* in an editorial upon his death: "Indeed, we doubt whether any other pastor in this country for the last fifty years has exerted such a wide and deep influence on the Church, in the community where he dwelt, and the world, notwithstanding the fact that he was born, lived, labored, and died in a rural community, retired and away from the great routes of travel. The Church is larger and stronger, and the world better, because Alexander Donaldson lived, labored and prayed."

SCHOLARSHIP.

The privilege of a liberal education, as already shown, was in no sense thrust upon the subject of this sketch. He attained to it by his own earnest, persistent, well-directed, and self-denying endeavor. Having once set this end distinctly before himself, all things else were made to yield to its attainment. He surmounted obstacles such as only natures as resolute as his are wont to overcome. If his advantages were not the very best, seldom or never are men found making more diligent and successful inprovement of such as are theirs.

The culture gained by study was thorough, and

his mental development was symmetrical. He had few or no specialties. If he did not shine conspicuously in certain departments of learning, it was because he was at home in all, deficient in none. Gifted with a logical mind and a memory that may fairly be called extraordinary, he appropriated and retained, as few men do, what of value was offered to him in the course of study pursued. Greek, Latin and Hebrew he could read with ease and pleasure, and when occasion made it necessary, could conduct an examination of students in these branches without a book. In these languages, as also in German, he was accustomed systematically to read the Sacred Scriptures, the book he ever studied most and loved the best. His very English often betrayed his familiarity with the great tongues of antiquity; the collocation of words in a sentence, or the poising of a phrase, revealing how naturally his thought fell into classic moulds.

As showing his fondness for the study of language and his proficiency in it, as well as his disposition to push out at every possible point the circle of his usefulness, it may be stated that about the year 1853, or when he was forty-five years of age, he began the study of German and French, with a view to teach these languages as there might be need in the Academy. On this point Prof. T. B. Elder says: "Seeing that French and German were taking fixed places in the curriculum of all colleges, and likely to become a requirement of a liberal education, he set about their acquisition

in order that those of his students who wished such instructions might have the opportunity. His unusual aptness as a linguist made the acquisition an easy triumph and even a pleasurable pastime, and the only advantage to him of an instructor in either of these languages was to catch from a tongue native to it the rumble of the German gutturals and the nasal twang of the French. He became a competent teacher of both these languages, reading far in the literature of each beyond the books in which he was called upon to impart instruction, and becoming able to glean with comparative ease the news from a German or French periodical."

Dr. Donaldson's command of the English language was such as often to excite the admiration of his observant hearers. He had a full vocabulary, and, like a skillful general with his troops, knew how to place his words so as to render most effective service. In all his discourse his chief aim was utility. Ornamentation for its own sake he never sought. In mere rhetorical flourishes he seldom indulged, although he was fully capable of appreciating the niceties of speech. Hence the chief characteristics of his style were purity, dignity, precision, force. Here again the words of Prof. Elder are in place: "His linguistic tastes and his through mastery of other languages, especially Latin and Greek, so widened his vocabulary as to put him beyond the necessity of using, either in his sermons or in his conversation, any word that in its size or its sound had a suggestion of pedan-

try, for which he had a special abhorrence. His style was clear and chaste. He would hesitate in speaking rather than use a wrong word, so that when his thought was profound it was not obscure, and when he was vehement and impassioned he was never turgid." The only use he seemed to know for words was as clothing for thoughts. He was both logical and fervent, thus at once addressing himself to the intellect and to the heart.

Dr. Donaldson was an able theologian. In exhibiting and applying the great gospel doctrines concerning ruin in sin and salvation by a crucified Christ he was a master. These great truths to him were in no sense on trial. Accepting them as eternal verities, he studied them deeply, held them firmly, and preached them with an earnestness born of conviction and an authority becoming an ambassador for Christ. Ignorant of ancient heresies and modern antichristian speculations he was not, yet his preaching was seldom apologetic. A "Thus saith the Lord" went a great way with him. He loved to proclaim the truth. Hence he drew his texts from the treasury of the Word of God rather than from skeptics, agnostics and disciples in the school of "higher criticism." Profoundly reverential, and receiving the Bible as the very word of God, theology in its broad sense was to him the chief of sciences.

Other learning he greatly prized, but he counted it nothing in comparison with the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ his Lord. He knew thoroughly well what he believed. As indicating

his taste for biblical lore and the assiduity of his studies, it may be stated that a short time after the first volume of Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" appeared, he reported that he had read it from cover to cover, and hoped to be spared long enough to receive and enjoy in like manner the remaining volumes. His soul fed on the word of divine truth, and life-long study had made him so familiar with it that he had large portions of it at his tongue's end.

He was too busy with other duties to turn his attention very much to authorship. Yet, besides published sermons and addresses, the following productions are to be mentioned: "A History of Pastoral Changes in Kittanning Presbytery"; "A History of Blairsville Presbytery"; "History of the Donaldson Family and its Connections"; "History of the Class of 1835, Jefferson College."

In recognition of his scholarship and service, Jefferson College in 1857 conferred on him the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

Dr. Donaldson had profound faith in the family as a divine institution, and in the home as the center of the strongest and holiest influences. To say that by intelligent and life-long endeavor he sought to make his home answer to his own high ideal, that he was faithful and loving as husband and father, would be to affirm what every one having knowledge of his character and principles would expect. His residence at Eldersridge

may be characterized as an ideal country home. In external appearance and appointments it was suggestive of taste and stability, answering well to the classic ideal of "*otium cum dignitate.*" Many who have passed this home in later years during the summer months will recall the charming picture often presented—the patriarchal proprietor sitting upon the ample veranda, reading or meditating, embowered amid towering cedars, clinging vines and exhaling flowers; and sad are their hearts since his removal, as they pass and look at a scene else so unchanged, but, where he sat, only his vacant chair.

But attractive as was the material home, none of those who were so fortunate as to know it will fail to say that its chief charm lay in the spirit that reigned within; and that no one could be received into fellowship with its inmates, especially its honored head, and go away without feeling that he was both happier and better. Dr. Donaldson was generously hospitable. He was not "forgetful to entertain strangers," much less friends. To all classes he was one of the most cordial of men, and was gracefully master of the art of showing himself friendly. If the word "Welcome" was not written over his door, it certainly was expressed in his beaming countenance and by the warm pressure of his hand. And while it was never his way to obtrude his piety, his prevailing conversation and all the air and ordering of the place were such as to suggest this as a bright Christian home, where, as in the house at favored

Bethany, the Divine Master was a familiar and a welcome guest.

Dr. Donaldson was first married, May 30, 1839, to Miss Mary S. Bracken, eldest daughter of Henry Bracken, of Canonsburg, a most estimable woman, who for nearly forty years trod with him the path of life. In his family history he refers to her as noted for "the strictest accuracy in everything she does, from the writing of a letter to the training of a child or the teaching of a class in Sabbath-school, upon which has supervened zealous interest in 'Woman's Work for Woman.'" For many years before her death, enfeebled health put a serious check upon her pious zeal, though it did not extinguish it. In his class history, alluding to her death he writes that she, "after a long decline, in gospel faith and hope entered into rest," Aug. 13, 1878.

By his connection with the Bracken family, Dr. Donaldson became brother-in-law to four ministers of the gospel, viz.: Rev. T. A. Bracken, brother of his wife, an eminent minister in the Southern Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. Irwin Smith, D. D., Rev. R. F. Sample, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Thom, the last named now deceased, all of whom were married to sisters of Mrs. Donaldson.

To Dr. Donaldson and his wife were born eight children, six sons and two daughters, in early life all children of promise both physically and mentally, and some of them spared to verify the promise of their more tender years. But in the providence of God a singular fatality attended this

seemingly well-favored family of children, and as, one by one, they fell by the way, he saw the wreck of fondly cherished hopes, until the home once sweetly vocal with the music of children's voices became as a painful solitude. In this respect, with reverent appropriation of the words, it may be said of him that he was preëminently "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." At intervals he was called to follow to the grave his wife and seven of his children, only a daughter, the wife of J. M. Guthrie, of Indiana, Pa., surviving to minister to him upon his own bed of death, and to see his venerable form laid in its last place of earthly repose. Although with a fortitude and a Christian cheerfulness that were remarkable he bore up under this series of bereavements, they yet cast deep shadows upon his pathway, and many hearts beat in tender sympathy with him in his sorrow that, in regard to his lovely and beloved household, so much of his expectation was cut off.

Read the affecting recital as condensed from his family history in substantially his own language, the children being mentioned in the order of their birth:—James Henry, named for his two grandfathers, was born May 18, 1840. After full courses of study in Jefferson College and the Western Theological Seminary, he became pastor at Schellsburg, Pa., in December, 1863. In December, 1867, he came home, for nearly ten months declined gradually, and ripened rapidly for a better world. Oct. 1, 1868, he calmly, peacefully, hopefully, trustfully, closed his account with earth and ascend-

ed to be forever with the Lord. Martha Jane, named for her two grandmothers, was born Aug. 2, 1841. After graduating from Blairsville Seminary she became the wife of Rev. W. W. Moorhead, D. D. While with him in his charge at Camden Mills, Ill., she was seized with consumption. Oct. 21, 1870, accompanied by her family, she reached the home of her childhood, and, both the disease and her maturity for the home above advancing rapidly, she took her leave of earth, Feb. 5, 1871. Thomas Wilson was born March 31, 1843,—a very lovely child. He died of cholera infantum, July 15, 1844. Anna Mary (Mrs. Guthrie) still survives. David Elder was born Sept. 6, 1847, and was a very precocious lad. While prosecuting his studies and ready for the sophomore class at college, he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, terminating in heart disease, and before serious danger was apprehended he died, Feb. 8, 1862. Alexander Hasseltine was born March 12, 1849. After graduation from Jefferson College, he spent some time in business, and then, having chosen the ministry, prepared himself for its duties. Ordained as an evangelist in 1879, he went as a missionary to Fort Defiance, Arizona, and there, after a short term of earnest service, he died April 30, 1880, and there his remains repose. William Bracken was born July 8, 1851. Having graduated in 1869, he assisted his father in the Academy a little more than a year. In 1871 his lungs became seriously affected, and he went West in hope of receiv-

ing benefit, but returning unrestored, he died June 21st of that year. Nearing the close of his precious life, he had a most rapturous experience and was a happy illustration of the promise, "It shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light." Robert McCheyne was born Sept. 20, 1862. He pursued courses of study in the Academy at home and in Jefferson Medical College, and, within six weeks of his graduation from the latter, died, May 18, 1885.

Thus this fond father was stripped of his treasures one by one, and though his heart was wrung with grief, yet, as in the case of Job, he was so enlightened and sustained by grace divine, that he "charged not God foolishly," but in pious resignation ever said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." In this connection may be quoted the following from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Donaldson: "One of the most striking traits in Dr. Donaldson's character was his uncomplaining submission. I never so much as heard him say in regard to any of his children, whom he loved with all his great heart, 'If they had lived.' As each successive stroke fell, he meekly bowed his head and redoubled his energies, seeming to lose himself in his devotion to God and his service." Now that he too has crossed over to the other side, it is pleasant to think of him as again with his loved ones, the fond father in the midst of his children, a circle formed that shall never more be broken, and all, in the language of one of his favorite hymns,

"Forever with the Lord."

To Dr. Donaldson there have been born thirteen grandchildren—three to Dr. and Mrs. Moorhead, six to Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, and four to Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Donaldson. These all survive except two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie.

Dr. Donaldson was married a second time, Nov. 6, 1879, to Miss Sarah C. Craighead, an accomplished lady every way adapted to the place which she came to fill, and who was to him a fondly loving wife, a congenial companion, and in all respects an efficient helper, for the remainder of his life. She survives, deeply bereft in the loss of one of the most devoted of husbands. The God of all comfort fill her heart with his sweetest consolations!

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND TRAITS.

Providence did much for Dr. Donaldson in bestowing on him a sound constitution and a splendid person. He was a large, muscular man, tall or of ample height, broad-shouldered, full-chested, and in his later years somewhat corpulent. He had a clear, florid complexion, and usually appeared as one at the very acme of physical health, which was, in fact, his usual condition. His forehead was expansive and his brows somewhat beetling. His kindly blue eyes were bright, at times sparkling with humor, and again impressive with soulful earnestness. His mouth was expressive of both geniality and firmness. His countenance as a whole was exceedingly mobile,

and his varying emotions found ready expression there like the play of sunshine and cloud upon a changeful sky. His hair, somewhat scanty and snowy white in his later years, he was wont to brush upward and backward from his forehead and temples; while, silken and full,

"His beard descending swept his aged breast."

His whole appearance was thus very striking and impressive, answering fully to the idea embodied in the word "patriarchal." In any assembly he was a noticeable figure, and none who once saw him would be likely to forget him.

With a view to give a more just and definite idea of the man, a number of traits in his character or facts in his record may be alluded to.

He was scrupulously careful and prompt as to all appointments or engagements. With him "two o'clock" always meant just two o'clock. If for any reason, which was rare, he failed to be on time, he seemed worried, and ready almost to accuse himself of moral delinquency.

He was, moreover, thoroughly systematic; not that he had minute rules for everything, as though he wanted them for their own sake; but he looked well ahead and sought to harmonize all his undertakings with the general plan and purpose of his life. It was only by so doing and by dint of his unfailing energy that he was able to accomplish what might with credit have appeared as the work of two men. Mrs. Donaldson says: "He accomplished so much simply by always attending to

duties as they presented themselves, never putting anything off in the thought that delay would make it easier. He often remarked that if a favorable opportunity for accomplishing anything were let slip, another so favorable might never come."

In illustration of his system it may be said that often he had occasion to pass through Indiana where his daughter lived, and yet only on the occasion of the last visit of his life did he fail to notify her beforehand of the fact and time of his intended coming, or on his arrival to intimate the hour of his necessary departure. It may seem to some that he was thus too exacting with himself; but time he ever held as precious, and only thus could he keep up with the work with which his willing hands were always full. His various engagements were as types when set in a printer's form, each having its proper place and fitting snugly to its neighbor, and, when all in, leaving no space over.

The following from the pen of Prof. Elder is in place: "He had great capacity for work, and seemed really to enjoy it. He never seemed to be driven to his ordinary labors by a hard sense of duty, but engaged in them all with an evident relish through the energy of his nature, a certain *vivida vis*, which made him perform any physical labor also with might and main. In the early days, when barn-raisings were more frequent and log-rollings were common, he was often present on such occasions, and it was a very common observation, 'How the preacher did sweat!' He was

systematic and methodical in the arrangement of his own time and duties, and was only happy when he had some duty for every hour. A 'vacation' was a sort of vacuum to him. After labors such as his, 'the rest that remaineth' must be sweet."

To the chosen work of his life under its various forms he was thoroughly devoted. His feeling was well expressed by the words of the Master, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Seldom could he be prevailed on to spare himself. The path of duty as it seemed to lie before him he looked upon almost as if visibly marked by the finger of God. On one occasion a few years ago, while hastening to a train, to the writer noticing the difficulty with which he walked by reason of rheumatism, and how he panted and perspired, and remarking that he had been long enough in the service to be justified in consulting more for his own ease, he replied that the work in which he was engaged not only afforded him the greatest joy of his life, but that he regarded it as contributing to his health and longevity; and that if anything should compel him to give it up, he would not long survive in a state of enforced inaction. It pleased God not to subject him to a test of the correctness of this opinion. He wrought on to the end of the days of his appointed time, and then "He was not, for God took him."

Both in theory and in practice he was a total abstainer from the use of intoxicating drinks as a

beverage, and was an earnest and efficient advocate, both in private and on public occasions, of temperance reform. The high point reached—not a single licensed house in Indiana County—is one marked proof of the practical success attending his efforts and those of his fellow-workers in the cause. He also was much opposed to the prevalent habit of using tobacco, as being both filthy and expensive, and therefore highly objectionable, especially in Christians entertaining the belief and hope that their bodies are the "temples of the Holy Ghost." In this connection may be given an incident thus related by Prof. Elder: "A young man arriving at the Academy introduced himself to the Doctor and expressed his wish to be admitted as a student. He was a habitual smoker, and was then in the act. According to the liberal code and courtesy of smokers in general, he pulled out a pocket-case and politely tendered the Doctor a cigar. The Doctor as courteously declined, and the young man the next day was enrolled as a student. A few days later the Doctor took occasion in one of his morning talks to express his opinion on the use of tobacco, for the benefit of all. When the young man saw with what fierce energy he pounced upon 'the filthy habit,' and with what a righteous indignation he denounced the smoker who with his vile fumes and viler breath dares to pollute the free air that decent men have an equal right to breathe in its purity, and saw with what a fine scorn he held it up as repulsive and disgusting, and how mercilessly he lashed its use in any form

as an expensive and wasteful vice, he almost cringed under the earnest denunciation of the habit, and said afterward that he could hardly think of the occurrence without trembling at the thought of how he had openly exposed himself to his fierce rebuke, and of how he had really insulted him in his act of fancied courtesy."

While Dr. Donaldson was a Presbyterian by choice and firm conviction, while he was warmly attached to the faith and order of his own denomination and ready at all times to stand for what he believed to be truth or duty, he yet was a man of broad Christian sympathy. Narrowness and bigotry had no lodgment in his heart. He was not only tolerant but warmly cordial toward all whom he could regard as belonging to the household of faith. Minor differences he could easily overlook in those who loved his adored Lord and bore his image. His preaching, therefore, and his general attitude toward those not of his own denomination was irenic rather than polemic. He was accordingly greatly respected and loved by people of other churches, and, in return, stood in some sense as pastor extraordinary to the entire community.

But although so much is testified as to his goodness, gentleness, and other milder qualities, it would be a great mistake to infer that he was overpliant—that his character lacked positiveness, masculinity. If a locomotive passes gently and smoothly on its way, it is not because it is not a thing of tremendous power, but because the energy

within it is held under just control as it glides over the track prepared for its use. Dr. Donaldson was not a man to be easily driven or blindly led. He was naturally ardent and even impetuous. He was full of latent fire, and at times sudden impact of somebody's steel upon the flint of his temper would cause the sparks to fly. But the display, like a meteoric shower, if brilliant was soon over. His self-control was well-nigh complete, and soon asserted its sway. A reference to the triumph in him of grace over nature, occurring in Dr. Hill's tribute, as found on another page, may fittingly be read in this connection. In marked degree to him belonged the superiority pointed out by him who wrote, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Special mention ought to be made of the strength and activity of his social nature. Busy as he was, and devoting himself so zealously to serious ends, there was nothing about him suggestive of the recluse—of the student so absorbed in thought as to be regardless of his kind. The charm of his genial presence was felt in every company that he entered. Into the sunshine of his soul worthy people found easy access. He had the faculty of remembering pleasant acquaintances even casually formed, and he warmly cherished those whom he admitted to the circle of his friends.

To his own numerous kindred he was attached with characteristic sincerity and steadfastness, keeping trace of them in their widely separated

homes as few are able to do, and standing with the prominence and influence of a patriarch among them. Numbers of the younger members of the general household in turn were inmates of his home while in attendance at the Academy over which he so efficiently presided. As a token of his own loving interest in his kindred, and as a means of promoting mutual acquaintance and adding strength and tenderness to the bonds that bound them together, he prepared and published his "History of the Donaldson Family," covering six generations and including several hundred names. Singularly strong and beautiful was the attachment existing between him and his brother in the flesh and also in the blessed ministry of reconciliation, Rev. Wilson M. Donaldson. A son of this brother, Rev. R. M. Donaldson, writes: "Father is the only living brother—a brother minister, and always most tenderly and intimately associated with uncle in all his work. The success of one was the pride and joy of both. The sorrow of one was the common sorrow, shared equally. There was a tenderness and sacredness in their intimacy which is very uncommon in life. At least, I have seen no other example of it even among brothers." Seeing them together, noting their appearance, and knowing their character and how they stood in each other's esteem, one might well exclaim, "*Par nobile fratrum!*" This surviving brother has the honor of having three worthy sons in the ministry, Dr. John B., Wilson E., and Robert M.

THE CLOSE OF HIS MINISTRY.

The end of the long earthly career of this devoted servant of the Lord came suddenly, yet neither to himself nor to his friends could it be said to have been very unexpected. For several years there had been indications of a tendency to apoplexy, and an attack about two years before his death caused him to intermit labor for a time. He looked for his own life to have a sudden ending. But this apprehension on his own part and that of his friends caused him to abate very little of his customary activity. He made long journeys to preach or to attend Presbytery, although for a time he seldom or never traveled alone. Very often on his journeys Mrs. Donaldson gave him the benefit of her companionship and aid.

For some time immediately preceding his death there had been nothing in his case to specially indicate its near approach. He was going on with his work as usual, and seemed even abler for duty than at times previously. He attended the meeting of Presbytery at Saltsburg, April 9th and 10th, remaining through all the sessions and manifesting his usual interest in the proceedings. When Sabbath, the 14th, arrived, he went to the church and taught his Bible class, and while so engaged his tongue grew heavy, and for a time he found it difficult to articulate. When he began his sermon he remarked to the congregation that on account of this trouble he might not be able to finish it. Yet he preached with a strength and comfort that

were gratifying alike to himself and to the people. When service was over he felt so well that he yielded not to the suggestion of many that he would spare himself the labor of a trip to West Lebanon and of service there in the afternoon. Dinner over, he was driven to the church, four miles distant, by Fulton Jack, a young man in attendance at the Academy. At the church he conducted service, preaching in about his usual way. On the way home and soon after starting, his voice again failed him, and he told the young man that he could not talk, and motioned to him to drive with all possible speed. His young companion, noticing that he leaned more and more heavily upon him, stopped at the house of Mr. John Hart, about a mile from West Lebanon, and called for aid. Here he was carried in, already unconscious, and his physician and friends were summoned. The next day, being no better, he was conveyed to his own home, where all was done for him that medical skill and affection could suggest. A few times, by opening his eyes or by brief response to questions asked, he seemed to manifest consciousness. But all who saw him felt that the time of his departure was near at hand. His ear was closed to earthly voices, for to his soul had come a heavenly call; his spirit was in the act of pluming its flight for an abode in a fairer clime, and no music of earth had charm enough to woo it back. Nor was it given to him to utter any parting counsels or fond farewells to those who waited about him eager to catch even his faintest whisper. The

seal of silence was upon those lips that had been wont to give forth words of wisdom and love, and thus he lingered until Thursday, April 18, 1889, at about 10 o'clock A. M., when he ceased to breathe, and the career on earth of this faithful servant of God was ended.

Of his abundant preparation for death none who knew him would entertain the slightest doubt. To himself in all its force may be applied a remark made by him of another: "Many die as sudden, few as safe." Like Enoch, he evidently walked with God. To him always the heavenly world with its glory and blessedness seemed near and intensely real. There in thought he often dwelt. Many a time in discourse, and especially in prayer, his heavenward aspirations found expression in rapturous words. Montgomery's well-known hymn was a favorite with him, and the first couplet at times he would repeat, as one has said, "with thrilling effect":

"Forever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be."

His death in most of its attendant circumstances was just what he had wished. Many years of successful labor in his Master's vineyard had been given him. Again, he was spared the trial of surviving his own active usefulness and of living through years of feebleness and inaction. To him, as to few, it was given to "bring forth fruit in old age." He stood at his post and performed his accustomed round of work to the last Sabbath of

his life. A kind Providence granted him his wish, and permitted him to pass as by a step from service on earth to service with the glorified throng who adore their risen, reigning Lord, and wait before him to do his will in his heavenly kingdom.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral took place at Eldersridge, Saturday, April 20, 1889, at 2 P. M. A great assemblage of people, including many from a distance, was present to join in performing the last sad rites. Services began at the house, the immediate friends assembling in the chamber made solemn by the presence of the angel of death, and a prayer, marked by tender feeling, being offered by Dr. D. J. Irwin. The body was then lifted and carried to the church which in life he had loved so well. His chair and pulpit were appropriately draped. Services proceeded as follows: Anthem by the choir, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" Scripture lesson read by Rev. J. H. Bausman; prayer by Rev. Ross Stevenson, D. D.; hymn, "The Lord's my shepherd," announced by Rev. Lycurgus Mechlin; formal address by Rev. D. H. Sloan, D. D.; other addresses, Rev. George Hill, D. D., speaking of his early home and history, Rev. D. J. Irwin, D. D., referring to his character and work as seen from the standpoint of a near ministerial neighbor, and Rev. J. M. Barnett, alluding to his school work and his charitable bearing toward people outside of his own denomination; prayer by Rev. A. T. Bell; tribute to his worth

and work and announcement of hymn, "Forever with the Lord," by Rev. S. W. Miller, D. D. Besides the ministers named, the following were present: Of the Presbyterian Church, Revs. T. R. Ewing, D. D., R. L. Smith, J. Q. A. Fullerton, N. B. Kelly, Wilson E. Donaldson; of the United Presbyterian Church, Revs. Robert Hood, J. B. Jackson and — Telford, D. D.; of the German Reformed Church, Rev. C. Gumbert.

With omission of historical matter already detailed in this sketch more at length, following is the

ADDRESS BY DR. SLOAN.

It is with hesitancy and a deep sense of unfitness that I open my lips to say anything on this occasion, when God, by the event that has brought us hither, is speaking to us so tenderly and so solemnly. There are lips here before me, strangely eloquent and dropping with wisdom in life, but sealed now by touch of the finger of God upon them, that by their very silence are far more potent to move your hearts than any voice of mine. Had God so willed, I could have wished that this venerated father and deeply loved friend had performed for me the service that I am now called to perform for him. No one, I feel sure, would do ampler justice to any virtues that may be mine or deal more tenderly with my faults. But as one of the surviving brethren of the Presbytery, that now in his death has lost its tower of strength and its chief ornament; as one who felt rich in the consciousness of enjoying his confidence and sharing his love, I deem it a sad privilege to stand here, in the presence of his bereft congregations and a stricken community, to utter a few words expres-

sive of the general sorrow and affection, ere we bid farewell to that noble form, so long familiar, that to-day we are called to consign to the bed in which it shall peacefully repose till the trump of God shall summon it to the glory that awaits the redeemed, when corruption shall put on incorruption, and the changeful glory of this mortal life shall be replaced by the fadeless beauty of the life that is everlasting.

When king David was informed of the death of his trusty friend and faithful servant Abner, to his servants he said, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" In view of the great bereavement that has come upon the Church in the removal of him who for so long a time has been a conspicuous and a faithful laborer in it, I feel sure that the language just quoted voices the feeling of all who were privileged to know the man whose singularly busy and fruitful life has just closed. Spared in the providence of God to an age of active usefulness attained by few; spending the entire period of his ministry upon the same field, and devoting his ample powers with untiring energy to the work in hand; laboring at once as a preacher of the everlasting gospel and as a Christian educator; extensively known, honored and loved; it was given to him to fill an exceptionally large place in the knowledge and regard of men: and to-day, wherever news of his death has come, his former pupils, the people who have sat under his rich and faithful ministry, his associates in the official work of the Church, and hosts of others to whom his influence and his fame have reached, are saying, with David, "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel," and are in sadness at the thought that they shall see his face no more.

It was the remark of him who stood to speak at the funeral of the distinguished Roman general and statesman, "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." To day, as I take part in the obsequies of a distinguished soldier of the Cross, whose weapons of warfare were not carnal but spiritual, I feel that I may, nay, that to a large extent I must, impose upon myself a similar restriction. You who knew him so long and so intimately while he served you in the gospel, holding his place in your hearts as your wisest counsellor and ardently loved friend, know better than I can tell you the goodness and greatness, the towering grandeur and the surpassing worth, of him whose removal from among you, you now so deeply feel. Your hearts are full of his praise. His memory you will cherish while memory lasts, and you will feel happier and better because it has been your privilege to know this prince among men, this saintly man of God, and to come under his influence.

Besides, to set forth adequately the history of his life and work, to analyze his character and portray the colossal greatness of the man, to speak of him with words approaching fullness as teacher and preacher, presbyter and pastor, Christian and friend, would be a task far too great for the occasion; the declining sun would refuse to wait the end, and too long would be delayed the solemn farewell that we have come to utter over the mortal tenement of clay from which the lovely and lofty spirit of our brother has fled. But while for our own sake, to satisfy our own hearts, to give some vent to feelings that are struggling for utterance, it is fitting that some words of appreciation should be spoken; his own modest spirit, if it had voice, would forbid elaborate praise, and certainly everything even remotely

approaching to fulsome eulogy. He was too great a man to set much store by the mere praise of men; although precious beyond all the wealth of earth, dearer than life itself, he ever counted the approval of his God. Too intent he always seemed in pursuing the great ends which he had in view, the good of humanity and the glory of God, to allow himself to take much time to ask or think what kind of a figure he was making in the world. But though he sounded no trumpet before him, many saw his work and recognized his worth. But above all, his record is on high; and now that he rests from his labors, his works do, and through generations will, follow him.

Of his work and usefulness I can not pause to speak in detail. But how great his aggregate of service! Surely, as to-day we look back and view the career that he has run, we may say,

> "It is not in vain that he has trod
> This lonely and toilsome way;
> It is not in vain that he has wrought
> In the vineyard all the day;
> For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
> And bearing another's load
> Doth lighten your own, and shorten the way,
> And brighten the homeward road."

Dr. Donaldson was "mighty in the Scriptures." His soul literally fed upon the word. His aptness in quotation was remarkable. In his discourse the words of inspiration came spontaneously to his lips like water gushing from a full fountain. As a presbyter, it is doubtful if ever the Church had one more faithful. To whatever he regarded duty he was drawn as the needle to the pole. But in this matter he was impelled, not by sense of duty only, for he loved to meet the brethren,

and betimes would say that he became impatient for the time of meeting to come.

He was a man of large heart and generous nature. He never failed to see the good that was in others, and had the faculty of treating those inferior in gifts or station with a kindness and consideration that won their hearts and helped them on. Since his death one has remarked to me that "he never formed an acquaintance without securing a friend." Firm as a rock in his convictions, unflinching in his adherence to the cause of truth and right, he had yet a singularly winning way about him. His character was symmetrical, and in it opposite qualities blended in sweet harmony. He was at once great and gracious, strong and gentle, dignified and cheerful. He was learned without being pedantic, and *facile princeps* among his brethren in the Presbytery without self-assertion or any one wishing for a moment to have it otherwise. Now that his name disappears from the head of our roll, where for many years it has stood in honored preëminence, all will feel that much of glory goes with it, that the vacancy left is one that no one else can fill.

> "He was a man, take him for all in all;
> We shall not look upon his like again."

At times when he spoke on gospel themes his great breast heaved with emotion and his lips seemed almost inspired. Hearing him pray, none would doubt that with the eye of faith he saw the Invisible and had power with God. And may we not believe that God recognized the desire of his heart in the manner of his death? Hands busy to the very last. The routine of well-directed labor going on to the very end. No gradual running down of the machinery, but the finger of God

laid on it, and then the stop. At Presbytery on Tuesday and Wednesday, in his two pulpits on Sabbath, and ere the week was run, his ransomed spirit among the glorified throng, gone over to join the loved ones of his own household and of his charge who stand secure

> "Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
> Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
> Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
> And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Has not his removal been wondrously like a translation? His call was sudden, but grace had made him ready, and he long had schooled himself to feel that each day as it dawned might be his last.

Sad are our hearts in view of our great bereavement; but as we lay his body to rest under a sun that is declining, to usher in on its rising the Sabbath that specially commemorates our Lord's coming forth out of the tomb and his triumph over death, it shall be in the fond hope of meeting again in the "sweet by-and-by," in a land

> "Where the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
> Its pangs and its partings remembered no more;
> Where life can not fail, and where death can not sever,
> Where Christians with Christ shall be soon and forever."

Venerable father, beloved friend, amid tears prompted by our present sense of loss, we bless God to-day for thy life and work. Our lives are and ever shall be richer because of thee. Somewhat as Elijah, thou hast been caught up to heaven. May thy mantle at least touch the shoulders of some of us!

> "Servant of God, well done,
> Rest from thy loved employ,
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy.

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
Thy soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

ADDRESS BY DR. HILL.

The following, prepared by Rev. George Hill, D. D., though written out afterward, contains substantially the remarks made by him at the funeral of Dr. Donaldson:

Having been brought up in the same congregation with Dr. Donaldson, having gone with him to college when I was sixteen years old, and having been intimately associated with him during my whole collegiate course, I probably know more about his early life and character than any man now living, except, perhaps, one of his own brothers.

One thought that impresses me most deeply as I look back over the life of our departed brother, is the lesson which it teaches as to the value of early religious training. His father was one of the most godly men I have ever known, and one of the most conscientious and faithful in the instruction and control of his household. Of him it might have been said, as God said of Abraham, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." There was an atmosphere of piety about the man and about all his family arrangements which could not fail to have a most beneficent influence over all those who were privileged to enjoy it.

Early in life the "profiting" of our friend by this training began to appear. I do not know at what age he professed faith in Christ, but I know that it was when he was young. Being seven years my senior, his public profession was made before I began to notice such things. I have frequently heard him say that his attention was called to the ministry as his life-work by my grandfather, who was his pastor, and who died when he was but thirteen years of age.

Financial and other reasons prevented his entering upon the work of preparation for the ministry until about the time he arrived at the age of legal manhood. He then put himself under the instruction of the Rev. Samuel Swan, who had succeeded to the pastorate of the churches in the Valley. Under this instruction he remained two years, supporting himself, in the meantime, by services rendered to his preceptor.

In the fall of 1831, he and his cousin, Joseph Wilson, and myself went, on foot, to Canonsburgh and entered Jefferson College; he in the freshman class, and the other two in the A. B C. of the preparatory department. There he remained, a faithful and diligent student, until he received his diploma in 1835. Inmediately on his graduation he was appointed tutor in the College, which position he continued to fill for two years, pursuing at the same time his theological studies under the direction of members of the faculty. In 1837 he entered the Western Theological Seminary, and at the end of one year completed the prescribed course and was licensed to preach the gospel.

During all these seven years of college and seminary life I was in the closest relations of friendship and intercourse with him, and I can testify to the uniform uprightness and excellence of his character. I may

say, however, that those who have known him only during the years of his more public life have, I doubt not, attributed to *nature* many of those excellences which I know to have been of *grace*. For instance, I suppose the general judgment of those who knew him only in his later years was that he was naturally one of the most gentle and amiable of men. On the contrary, I know that he was a man of "like passions" with other men, and that it was not nature but grace that gave him that peculiarly sweet and winning manner which was so attractive in his life.

Indeed, I may say, to the praise of God's glorious grace, that there occurred in his case, during his college course, a marvelous transformation of character, which marked and gave shape to his whole subsequent life. This change took place under the influence of a remarkable revival of religion which occurred during one of the sessions of that institution. So great, indeed, was that change that, for a time at least, he himself regarded it as the beginning of his Christian life, supposing his former profession of religion to have been a mistake. This judgment, I think, he afterward modified, and it was never shared by those who had previously known him. It is very certain, however, that if this was not the time of his regeneration, it was a time of a new consecration which was even more marked in its effects than the first. His deep spirituality, his thorough consecration and his attractive life date from this occasion.

I have known Dr. Donaldson very intimately during all his ministerial life of fifty-one years. Our pastoral charges being contiguous, and being in the same Presbytery until its division, we were often thrown together, and the confidence of mutual affection gave me the oppor-

tunity of knowing his inmost heart. I can testify to his uniform urbanity and kindness, his unwearied diligence and faithfulness in the discharge of duty, his deep spirituality, and his earnest desire for the good of others and for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. Indeed, I think I can safely say that I have never known any man whose character seemed to me to be more completely symmetrical and fully rounded out. He was not perfect. He himself would have been the last to claim that he had made this attainment. But even his weaknesses and mistakes "leaned to the side of virtue." They grew largely out of his unselfish disregard of his own ease and interests, and his unyielding purpose to discharge duty at whatever cost or sacrifice.

Take him all in all, it is not invidious to say that the world has known but few such men. He lived an honored and an eminently useful life, he filled his days to the very last, at the scriptural limit of fourscore years, with most successful labors for the salvation of men and the glory of God, and he died universally respected and beloved by those who knew him.

I desire to say, in conclusion, that I have special cause to love and honor him, and to feel bereaved by his death. He was my spiritual father, so far as human agency can claim such distinction. To words kindly and faithfully spoken by him in private I owe my awakening and conversion to God, and I pen this humble tribute to his memory in adoring gratitude to God for the grace which abounded in him and superabounded to me.

The other addresses were extemporaneous, and no effort was made to secure them at the time. But the line of thought pursued is more or less

closely indicated in the testimony of Dr. Irwin given in connection with the notice of Dr. Donaldson's work as a pastor, and in the tributes of Rev. J. M. Barnett and Dr. Miller found on a subsequent page.

The services in the church being ended, the tearful parishioners and other gathered friends of Dr. Donaldson, as they passed out of the church, paused in the vestibule to bend reverently over the casket for a last look at the features of his face that was beautiful and expressive even in death. Death as yet seemed to have touched his person but lightly; upon his countenance much of the familiar look as wrought by the spirit now departed was still there; an expression of sweet composure and of ineffable peace was on his features; he seemed as one only asleep.

The remains were carried into the burial ground near the church, and tenderly laid to rest by the graves of his own household, and amid those of scores of his former parishioners whose lot it was to precede him into "the better land." At the grave, in accordance with the expressed wish of Dr. Donaldson's family, as well as expressive of the feeling of all in view of his fruitful life and happy death, was sung the doxology,

> "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise him, all creatures here below,
> Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The service was then concluded with a benediction pronounced by Dr. Hill.

The following, taken from a notice of the funeral of Dr. Donaldson contributed to the *Presbyterian Banner* by Rev. N. B. Kelly, who has since become his successor in the pastorate, will be in place here:

Dr. Donaldson, in the judgment of a man permitted to touch but the outer rim of his life, was of the greatest men. He was a great soul, a soul expanded, made to hold more than common men, and filled to the brim with all the choicest things that go to make up the measure of a teacher, a presbyter, a pastor, a fine manhood, and Christian citizenship. Dr. Donaldson's funeral was one of the greatest simplicity, and in faultless taste withal. It was suitable to the man.

In all these years the veriest stranger could not step into Kittanning Presbytery without finding this man talked of as being the head of it, or rather the great soul of it, to whose judgment every one deferred, whose wish was law, whose smile was peace. And now one enters the door of Dr. Donaldson's home at Eldersridge to find this grand man laid low in death, where, as Dr. Guthrie says, "he can be measured better than when he stood," because laid along where the secret repositories of his life being brought forth, you may see the roots of his lofty piety and lofty character in "that deep humility" that made him the child of God. The coffin is in the parlor. Upon it two large, fine palm leaves, crossed at the base and fixed with a simple bunch of sweet flowers, sweep round from the centre to the casket's head. You look down through them to the face to have one last, long, reverent look at this great man. It is the same face in death that it was in life, save the closed eyes. The great soul has left its

stamp upon the mortal features. It is a face like dear Whittier's "Samuel Sewall":

> "A face with lines of firmness set,
> He wears the look of a man unbought,
> That swears to his hurt and changes not;
> Yet touched and softened nevertheless
> With the grace of Christian gentleness;
> A face that a child would climb to kiss,
> Tender and true, and brave and just,
> That man might honor and woman trust."

A brief prayer is offered by Dr. Irwin, and then the elders of the churches, with the permanent clerk, Rev. A. T. Bell, and the moderator of the Presbytery, carry the remains to the church. The casket is left in the ante-room while the multitude gather in the auditorium above to hear rich funeral music, a brief, beautiful and strong sermon by Dr. Sloan, and fitting remarks from friends and neighbors. A whole service over the dead, grand in its simplicity; a service, on the whole, to have stay with you; such a service as you rarely meet in a lifetime.

All day long scattered drops of rain are falling. While the people are in the church the drops become a heavy shower, and the clouds intervene to chase the brightness of the sun from the windows; a sombre shade gathers around us, and heaven bends in sympathy over the place where we bury the great dead. Dr. Hill stands at the open grave. He seems like the messenger of God as he drops a last tribute to the memory of the departed and speaks of the resurrection. The rain has ceased before the people leave the church, and now, while Dr. Hill is speaking these few words, and one looks up at the clouds flying across the landscape, one can not help thinking of the cloud that received

Jesus out of the sight of those men of Galilee, and the two men in white that speaking said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." He shall come; the church militant shall become the church triumphant, and, clothed in immortality, we shall see Him and shall meet this man of our counsel again.

DEAR MAN OF GOD, FAREWELL.

BY D. H. S.

DEAR man of God, farewell; secure
Thou standest on the heavenly shore,
But we are sad, for here we see
Thy face no more.

Thy life was radiant, and henceforth
Its light upon our path shall be;
Yet often shall our hearts cry out
For want of thee.

O noble soul, in thee the world
Has seen how grand a man can be;
Brighter the earth, our lives more rich,
Because of thee.

For not in serving self didst thou
Thy chosen end of being find,
But, like our Master, thou didst live
To bless mankind.

The sons of sorrow and of want
Thou didst as to thy bosom take;
For all He loved was dear to thee
For His dear sake.

Nor wast thou weary; toil for Him
Was ever that which charmed thee most;
And years with thee could not prevail
To leave thy post.

If stone or brass could tell thy worth,
Or on thy name new lustre shed,
Then o'er thy grave a stately shaft
Should lift its head.

But souls made glad and brought to life
Thy better monument shall be;
In God thou restest, and thy works
Shall follow thee.

Soldier of Christ, still faithful found
When called to lay thine armor down,
The Master says, "Well done! advance
And take thy crown."

Press Notices, Extracts from Letters, Etc.

Notice of Dr. Donaldson's death appeared in many newspapers, both religious and secular, in some cases taking the form of appreciative and somewhat extended reviews of his life and work.

The surviving members of his family were also the recipients of letters from many persons expressing sympathy with the bereft, and containing allusion in various but harmonious phraseology to him whose death all felt as a bereavement. A selection from these notices and letters is given in the following pages. To avoid repetition, historical statements are usually omitted; also, at the suggestion of Dr. Donaldson's immediate friends, most of the language personal to themselves, although in expressions of sympathy and affectionate remembrance deeply grateful to their stricken hearts, and the quotations given are chiefly such as embody references to the character or work of Dr. Donaldson.

[From the *Presbyterian Banner*.]

Of no minister of the gospel who has died during the present generation can it be said more appropriately than of Rev. Alexander Donaldson, D. D., who entered into rest last Thursday, April 18, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in

Israel?" Dr. Donaldson was a man of marked personal appearance. He was large and muscular. His face was genial and attractive, at the same time indicating decision and firmness. He was untiringly industrious and capable of great endurance. He was the educator of the entire community. Not only did he teach the people their religious duties, but under his influence their farms, houses, and modes of living were improved. He was devoted to those committed to his care as pastor; he cast in his lot with them; their joys and sorrows were his. For their good he first opened his school, though many others afterward shared its benefits. His personality was strongly impressed on his people and his pupils. He was the leader in every good work. To preach the gospel was to him a great delight. In revivals his whole soul was a glow. Other churches always welcomed him, and he was ever ready to assist his brethren in the ministry. His visit and preaching to the army in the Southwest will be long remembered by the brave men still living, and no doubt benefited greatly many who fell in battle or have since died. His attachment to kindred and friends was strong and lasting. His personal piety was deep and ardent. That he was a true servant of the Master no one that knew him ever doubted. He leaves precious memories behind him and a vacant place not easily filled.

[From the *Johnstown Tribune.*]

Words fail to express the feeling which arises in contemplating the passing away of good old Dr. Donaldson. It is not a feeling of sorrow, for his life-work was done, and he has but gone to his reward in that land to which for generations he has pointed the way. His faith was of the kind that moves mountains, and the

manner of his death might almost be likened to a translation. His hope always was that he might "die in the harness," and it was fulfilled. So in the hearts of those who loved him there is no room for sadness or regret. For over sixty years he had been a teacher, and out of his little school nestled among the mountains have gone thousands, carrying with them the seed he had sown in their hearts; while hundreds, perhaps, have taken up the pulpit work It is given to but few men to do the good that Dr. Donaldson did. He was filled with love of God and his fellows, and never tired of worshiping the one and teaching and helping the others. Among his many "boys" will doubtless be found one to pay the proper tribute to his memory. But what words can not do, actions will, for scattered all over the land are his children, whose earnest lives are the best tribute to the grandeur and nobility yet sweetness and simplicity of his character.

[From a local paper—name not preserved.]

That much loved patriarch, Rev. Alexander Donaldson, whose serious illness was announced last week, passed peacefully away in gentle sleep to his rich reward on Thursday morning. His life and character deserve to be emulated and enforced. Of kindly, genial disposition, pliant, forbearing temper, he was naturally qualified to make friends. Being broad and catholic in his religious sympathies, his usefulness was not confined to the denomination of his choice, but extended far and wide among all the churches. Handsome in figure, graceful and elegant in address, he was listened to by his audiences with pleasure and profit in lectures and sermons. A man of indomitable will, and possess-

ing a robust constitution, he was an indefatigable laborer. The aim of his life was to honor God and do good to his fellow-men.

[From the *Indiana Times*.]

By his Christian kindness and geniality he endeared himself to everybody he came in contact with. He was an ardent worker in the cause of temperance, and was deeply interested in the coming prohibitory campaign. When at the recent County Amendment Convention, in an address he expressed the hope that he might be spared to cast his vote for the Amendment; that it would be one of the proudest moments of his life were he permitted to cast his vote on June 18th. Dr. Donaldson was a man among men, a leader and molder of public opinion. That the vicinity of Eldersridge is noted for its deep piety, is due, in a great measure, to the influence of him who now has passed away. His funeral was attended by a great crowd of people, all honoring him and desirous of following him to his last resting place.

[From a local paper—name not preserved.]

Were we to attempt to write in full our opinion of the good old man, to stranger eyes it might appear as fulsome eulogy; to those who knew him best, a very inadequate setting forth of his virtues. Certainly his was as successful a life as mortal life could well be. His most enduring monument will not consist of marble or granite shaft, but of the destiny of human lives guided by his hand. For over fifty years he had been pastor at the Ridge, and between two and three thousand students had been under his instruction and guidance in the Academy founded by him, giving him a world-wide influence.

[From the *Saltsburg Press.*]

He never knew what it was to candidate for a field of labor. On that Ridge he went to work with an eye single to that one thing—the glory of God. That church was his first charge, his last charge, his only charge. Two objects occupied his thoughts by day and by night,—the care of his spiritual flock, and the education of the lambs of that flock. The intellectual culture of the young people he looked upon as the strong right arm of his strength in building up the walls of the spiritual Zion over which he was placed. How well he succeeded has long since gone into history. The fact that of the thousands of students under his training during his half century's teaching, not less than one hundred and fifty became ministers of the gospel, establishes his character as a teacher, and the character of his teaching as that of the highest order. Nor did his labors in the school-room cause him to neglect in the least his pastoral and his pulpit work. His earnestness in his work and his fullness of consecration to his Master's service, found him ever ready for any duty coming upon him. As years passed and devotion to the people of his charge grew apace, it became his earnest desire that he might be allowed to labor among and for those whom he loved with a peculiar singleness of devotion, for the full half century. In this thing he was more than gratified. * * * Nothing but the ministry of the despised Nazarene of Galilee makes such a history possible. The life-work of the departed father very vividly brings before the mind the history of Elijah the Tishbite.

[From the *Union Free Press*, Kittanning, Pa.]

In the death of the venerable Dr. Donaldson, Western Pennsylvania loses one of her noblest citizens,

and the Church one of its strongest pillars. Dr. Donaldson has been widely known for over half a century as a scholar, a teacher, and a minister of the gospel. In intellect he was away above the ordinary educated man. Venerable in appearance, loved by all who knew him, he has passed to his reward.

[Tribute by Hon. J. B. Neale, a former pupil, as it appeared in the paper last named.]

What memorial may tongue or pen conceive fitting to the theme of the death of this good and holy man? What measure of tribute can mere words express in the presence of a death that touches so deeply the hearts of so many?

What wreath of imperishable fragrance may we place upon that grave, now made consecrate by the presence of all that is mortal of one venerated in death as he was loved and revered in life?

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines."

It can not be that the death of any other person, seeming to share so little of public attention in the humble performance of his appointed mission in life, would excite more universal sorrow than the announcement that Dr. Donaldson is no more.

Not a year ago many of his former pupils and friends and neighbors gathered around him to do honor to his worth and to testify to his devotion, in commemoration of the semi-centennial of the Eldersridge Academy, a school that he had established, developed, exalted.

Although bearing the burden of his many years, the presence of so many of those who had, at least, spent a part of their student-life at the Ridge, and under his kindly instruction, brought back so vividly to his mem-

ory the associations of the past, that the cares and infirmities of his four-score years were scarcely appreciable.

Fifty years before, in that isolated spot, where but recently he had come to preach, he conceived the purpose of organizing a class. Three or four at first were all that gathered under those literally academic groves; the nucleus of the future school that, summer and winter, through five decades, has since continued to invest the Ridge with its highest claim to honor and distinction.

In that never to be forgotten reunion, it seemed as if every class had its representative. From the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, and from beyond the seas, they came to honor the man in whom were centered so many memories, for whom was cherished so much of affection and veneration. How his great heart seemed more and more to expand, as one after another his "old boys" presented themselves, whilst to each that cordial greeting was extended that he, more than any other, knew so well how to offer, grasping them with his two hands and drawing them to him with the tenderness of a father who, after many years of absence, receives again to his heart a beloved wanderer.

How his great memory seemed to respond with almost marvelous fidelity, as he pronounced the name of this one and that one, that the intervening years had changed from sunny youth to matured manhood, recalling with wonderful precision just the time when they had been with him, and the number in his academic hive. In all the years they had been remembered, and their varying fortunes watched and noted, with that tender solicitude that scarcely less than paren-

tal love could inspire. Nor had he ever been forgotten. It was as if each one, long ago sent out as a worker in the world's great vineyard, had come back, at the appointed time, to give account of his stewardship and to receive a benison for faithful toil. It was the genuine homage that grateful hearts were glad to offer to the one acknowledged source of so many benefits, friend, teacher, pastor, father.

It was indeed a spectacle long to be remembered; men with every calling in life coming, with one accord, to repeat to the ears of this beloved, humble man of God the story of their lives and the part that his teaching and his example had had in forming their characters, inspiring their actions, and stimulating them ever to higher, nobler effort.

Pious, sincere, natural, it was impossible for any one to come within the radius of his influence and not partake somewhat of the good that his life so constantly manifested.

Coming to the Ridge more than fifty years ago, Dr. Donaldson found it an almost inacessible wilderness, a backwoods settlement. His pastoral and school work went on hand in hand, flourishing as the years of his labors increased, and widening and extending out till they became no longer local or confined. In every land his name has been pronounced; in every land his work has been applauded, his influence, his teaching, his example, recognized as a vital factor for good to the human race.

In the fullness of years, in the midst of his labor, with zeal unabated, with sword and armor on, in the performance of his godly office, he met the messenger Death, and with ready answer, "Yea, Lord, I come," "I am thine, and thou art mine," he has gone to the reward of the righteous.

[From Alumni Address at Western Theological Seminary, 1889, by Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D. D., a former pupil, as taken from the *Northwestern Presbyterian.*]

God's providence confirms the testimony of his word with reference to the far-reaching results that follow faithful and self-denying labors in the ministry. We have only to open our eyes to see the crowd of witnesses, which come like angels of God, to lead us in the way and cheer us on. They were our predecessors, men who were of like passions with ourselves. They are the missionaries who toiled and preached Christ's gospel in the region of which this is the ecclesiastical centre. We see among them Herron, Howard and Swift, who once preached here, and who still preach; Elliott, Jacobus, Plumer and Wilson, who once taught here in Christ's name, and still teach. How much remains of the labors of Beatty, Powers, McMillan, Hughes and McCurdy of pioneer days! How much will remain through the centuries of the labors of one who has recently left our ranks to enter the company of the spirits of just men made perfect,—that true Mr. Greatheart, who, through fifty years of a devoted ministry, had a boundless passion to lead men to Christ,—that pastor who, in a humble country parish, never changed nor wished to change his place, whose highest ambition was to do Christ's work,—that teacher who sought to quicken his pupils with knowledge only that they might serve Christ,—that preacher who would proclaim nothing less than a simple, scriptural gospel,—that man of God, Alexander Donaldson, who was at Eldersridge, and is now in the presence of Christ. If it is permitted to those exalted souls, radiant with the glory which comes from the presence of their Lord, to look back upon the scenes of their toils, and rejoice in the progress of that

cause to which their lives were devoted, what a revenue of joy must come to them! Thousands thank God for their work, and bless God in their behalf. Such lives confirm the testimony of the Holy Ghost: "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and forever."

[From an article by Rev. J. M. McElroy, D. D., a teacher in the Academy for two years and a resident in Dr. Donaldson's family.]

A wide circle of friends will note with interest the death of Dr. Donaldson. On the day of his ordination a young man commenced study under his tuition. Others came to him a little later seeking the same privilege. Gradually the number increased until an assistant teacher was needed, and at length Eldersridge Academy was organized. This was not in a city, or even in a village. It was upon a ridge. The brick church, with the graveyard near by, and the pastor's house on his own fifty-acre farm of rough land, —that was all. Very plain farm-houses were scattered among the hills. The post-office was three miles distant, and the nearest access to any kind of conveyance was a point on the Pennsylvania Canal four miles away. The school grew in numbers, and in interest, and in reputation, and for some years was almost alone in a territory of five counties. And even after similar institutions had sprung up all around, the Ridge Academy continued its hold upon public confidence, and still holds on its eminently useful career. The history of the Academy and the church has been largely the history of one continued revival. Over two hundred professed religion while attending the Academy, their names

prominent among Christian ministers and workers in our own land and in foreign lands. * * *

He was a man of marked personal appearance, large and muscular, with a genial and attractive countenance. He was a good preacher and an eminently faithful and kind pastor. He was peculiarly fitted by nature and grace and acquirements to be the head of an academy, and excelled in ability to attract and interest and control young men. In scholarship he excelled as a linguist. He was at home in the classics, was familiar with the Hebrew Bible, and in middle life found time to master French and German. He had been favored with a vigorous constitution, and the final call found him in the harness. * * * He was not an orator. His pulpit was not metropolitan, yet we doubt whether any of our pastors have exerted a wider, more beneficent or abiding good influence.

[An article in the *Presbyterian Banner* from his classmate, Rev. Cleland K. Nelson, D. D., Rockville, Md.]

One who was his classmate and fellow graduate at old Jefferson in 1835, and his colleague as tutor after graduation for one year, would like to add his testimony to the worth of this great, good man. As measured by the world's standard of fluent and brilliant diction and sensational conceptions, he might not be called a great man; but as measured by the only true standard, the amount of good done in a life-time, he was indeed a truly great man.

My reverence for the man as of the highest excellence, goodness, purity and holiness began in the early part of 1835, during that marvelous work of God among the young men of the College, which took place at that time. His loving kindness, gentleness and courtesy won my heart, and his clear-headedness

and wisdom won my judgment. During the year that we were tutors together, his sound sense and quiet conservatism won more and more upon me. We roomed opposite each other in that old hall whose sacred floors were trodden by as holy footsteps as probably ever belonged to young men. I recall the brilliant McCartney; the dignified Hamlin; the wonder of the class of '35, George W. Doane; the gentle and loving Brown, then and until his death my dearest friend; Allan Williams, perhaps the saintliest young man I ever knew, and his brother Samuel, one of the most lovable; and the heroic Happer, Loyd, and Stewart, enrolled late in the holy communion of saints, but doing all he could in after-life to make up for his lateness, and a host of others. But among this great company not one was, taken all in all, superior to the recently sainted Donaldson.

After leaving Canonsburg, in 1836, I heard but little of my friend except through very occasional correspondence, But in 1865, thirty years after graduation, we met again. I shall never forget the meeting. It was just at the close of that terrible civil convulsion which had stained the land with blood from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande. Our affiliations and sympathies had been different, but as Christ's little ones, we met with open hearts and arms. We met again and for the last time in 1885, just fifty years from our graduation. In his last letter to me he spoke of meeting me at the Commencement of '89. It would have cheered my heart to have met him once more, but God willed it otherwise. Our class of forty-three in 1835 can probably now be counted on one hand. "It is the Lord; he hath done what seemeth to him good."

[From a college classmate, Hon. James E. Stewart, Luray, Virginia.]

Your husband rested in my mind and heart as one of its most cherished treasures and memories. How I rejoice now, that after a separation of a half-century of time, a mysterious Providence brought us again into companionship, if not in the flesh, through a delightful correspondence in the last three or four years of our advanced age! It has been a wonderful pleasure to me. * * *

Ah, the good old man is now gone; his venerated spirit, now translated to its kindred skies, gave you all splendid ocular proof of how a Christian lived, and leaves you at no loss to understand how a Christian died. No other lesson than that of his death could better enforce so great a truth upon you. His hope was not founded on any fallacious and illusory assurance of a visionary kind, but upon one built upon "the eternal Rock of Ages" and mounting to the skies. In our young days I knew him well; and in late years his long, useful and distinguished life, in its various phases, has been faithfully portrayed to me, not alone from his own pen, but that of several others. I may in all sincerity of heart be permitted to say that no one outside of his own immediate household can feel more deeply the bereavement, which we all so deeply deplore, than myself.

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

But time flies, and I must dwell at this time no longer upon a theme so delightful as the contemplation of so noble and godlike a life as that of my esteemed old friend, who has now seen "the last of earth" and gone

home to rest in the bosom of God's love, and join again the loved ones who had gone before him to prepare the way, and shed upon his venerable head, on the other side of the river, the grand welcome of the dawn immortal. * * * Farewell, my venerated friend! Peace to thy ashes, and an evergreen to thy memory!

[From Rev. J. Irwin Smith, D. D., Galesville, Wis.]

Mr. Guthrie's letter is received here, telling of the close of your husband's great work on earth. It was great in every view, the greatest of his age I think in the department of introducing men to the ministry, and certainly incalculably great in its exhibition of the power of Christ upon itself, and its marvelous stamp upon all the lives in contact with it. And in the manner of its close it appears to me that you and he were alike favored. No dark interval of conscious weakness, pain or fear, no wandering of the intellect which for half a century had caught and reflected the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, no grief of parting, no sorrow for the tears that flowed around his couch. To him was the arrest of the glow of enraptured delight by the bursting of eternal day. The fellowship of Jesus amid the saints, opening to fellowship amid the glorified around the throne. Oh, what a blessed being! Beyond fear, while the believer walks heavenward; then death, stripped utterly of his power to affright.

For yourself, for the nearer kindred, for all who mourn, I bear sorrow. To my own spirit the world seems more vacant now in his absence. But I see, too, brightness along the pathway he led. As he passed on he has but disappeared, as the morning star vanishes in the glow of the risen sun.

[From Miss J. A. Bracken, New York.]

In the departure of our dear Dr. Donaldson there was much that is pleasant to contemplate. It was the peaceful end of a long and useful life; a going home, the conflict being over; entering into rest after the toil. I remember once remonstrating with him about undertaking so much labor, especially the charge of two churches. His reply I shall never forget, though uttered many years ago. He said: "When entering on my life work, my motto was, 'Spend, and be spent in His service." He was weary after returning from labor in his distant field at the time, but he never changed his early resolve.

[From Mrs. J. C. Thom.]

To-day my thoughts are all with you. Your dear husband had gone home before the first message reached me. When the sad message was placed in my hand he was in the heavenly home.

There is no pain at all in thinking of our brother at rest. His long life was ended, his work was done, and the Master called him "up higher." I think only of the "Well done, good and faithful servant," and of the perfect joy of heaven.

[From Mrs. Abbie H. Hill, Blairsville.]

The eternal world is brought very near to us sometimes very suddenly, showing us how thin is the veil that separates us from eternity. But, like David, we ought to sing of mercy as well as of judgment; and the thought that came to me at once, as doubtless it did to all the dear Doctor's friends, was that the summons came just as he would have wished, while he was at work. He was "a faithful steward, giving his household their portion of meat in due season;" and his

Lord, coming, found him "so doing." If we may judge lives "by their fruits," we are sure he was "faithful unto death;" a shock of corn gathered "in his season." So we may heed the voice that says, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears." The Lord knoweth his own, and gathereth them "one by one," and yet is tender of heart to "his own" who are left, knowing our frame; and as a faithful High Priest he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities and weeps with us. May he bind up your wounded heart and hold you in his everlasting arms, as "one whom his mother comforteth."

[From Mrs. Bella D. Thompson, Newville, Pa.]

We do thank God for such a pure, consecrated life, and for one who loved and labored to the end so faithfully for the Master. Oh, how many stars in his crown of rejoicing! When I told our pastor, Dr. Erskine, of his death, he took my hand and said, "Mrs. Thompson, he was the most consecrated man in Pennsylvania." I felt it was a high tribute, but so true.

[From Rev Wilson M. Donaldson, Hastings, Minn.]

Wilson sent us a very well filled letter, telling us of the last labors, the last hours, the departure and the burial of my long and very dearly loved brother, Alexander, now absent, - yes, "absent from the body," but "present with the Lord." I do not speak of his death; for how can he die who has gone to dwell with Jesus, who is "the life," the author, source and fountain of all life? I think of him as the companion of Abraham and Moses, of Isaiah and Daniel, of Peter and John and Paul, of Luther, Knox, Whitefield, Wesley, McCheyne, and the whole company of the "general assembly of the church of the first-born" who swell the chorus

of thanksgiving "to him who washed them in his blood and made them kings and priests," while they "cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kingdom, and tongue, and people, and nation."

Yet, even when sustained by these bright visions of faith concerning the departed loved one, there is an earthly side of the picture, deeply affecting those who are left behind. To you, God, in his providence, has said as he once said to Ezekiel, "Behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke;" and because he hath said these things unto you sorrow hath filled your heart, and that stricken heart cries out for sympathy. Permit me to tender the heart-felt sympathy of one who, once and again, before this, has felt in his heart of hearts the pangs of sore bereavement; yet, I am also aware that whatever of relief may come from the tenderest of human sympathy can never meet or fill the intense longings of the sorrowing heart. Then, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Oh, yes, there is a healer. Jesus says: "Ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." Here is "an exceeding great and precious promise." Jesus is coming to visit you, to heal your sorrow, and to fill your heart with the joy of his most blessed presence.

[From Rev. J. B. Donaldson, D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.]

He has given me firmness and push in religious life more than any man living. In this work the Lord knows how much it is needed. To him, under God, I owe a vast debt.

[From Rev. R. M. Donaldson, Hastings, Minn.]

The Father has come very near to us all, but he has come for his own. We all loved uncle as a father, and feel that the messenger has come into our own home. Father feels it very deeply. He and uncle were in the same grand work, their aims the same, their hearts in closest sympathy. They came to old age together, and as the other members of the family fell out of the race, until they two were left alone, they drew nearer together. Father feels the sense of loneliness, which you feel so keenly, for uncle has distanced him a little in the race, winning the goal first. I think it is seldom the case that two brothers are bound more tenderly together than were they. How comforting the retrospect for us all! How glad I am for you that you could see him fall on sleep so peacefully! May the gracious Father on high come yet nearer to you than ever before, and lead you gently but surely into that peace which passeth all understanding.

[From Rev. John J. Francis, D. D., Cincinnati.]

During the past week I have been passing through the vale of sorrow with you; my heart beating in sympathy with yours at every step. If it had been possible, I would have been with you in person last Saturday, to mingle my tears with yours over the coffin and at the grave of my revered friend. You know, better than I can tell you, I am sure, how deeply I sympathize with you in the loss which you and I, and all who knew and loved him, have sustained.

And yet, what a grand ending to what a grand earthly life it was! How singularly and beautifully complete that life was! * * * I am thankful to God for having known him, thankful for the influence

of his character and life, thankful for his love and confidence. * * * May the Divine Comforter abide with you now and always.

[From Rev. James I. Brownson, D. D., Washington, Pa.]

Absence in the West at the time of your husband's death, was my reason for failure to join the brethren who went from here to attend his funeral. My first knowledge of the event thus came days after it was all over. * * * My intimacy with your husband dates back from 1838, when we met in the Western Theological Seminary, he in his last and I in my first year. I have had the highest regard for him ever since. My confidence in his opinions, and my fellowship in his work, have kept pace all these intervening years. He is one of those whom I will long to meet and know and love, in the kingdom of glory. His long, steady and useful career as a minister of Christ will abide honorably alike in the heart and the records of the Church. Many will continue to serve the Lord in the gospel better by reason of their training under his hands.

[From Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D., Mt. Jackson, Pa.]

What a great man he was! What a grand and noble work he did! How many souls he led to Christ, and how many young men he prepared for the ministry! He will be widely missed, and sincerely mourned by thousands. Earth will be poorer without him, but heaven will be richer. I always loved to meet him.

[From Rev. Hunter Corbett, D. D., Chefoo, China.]

The mail this morning brought the *Presbyterian Banner* of April 24th, which tells of the great sorrow that has come to your heart and home. I read the

article with painful but intense interest. I knelt to thank God that it had been my great joy and privilege to have been for a time associated with him, and under the teaching and preaching of such a grand and noble man. * * *

What a record he has left to bless and make glad the world! Rich indeed will be his reward for all the years of faithful and conscientious service for our Savior. As I read the notice this morning I could not but think with what propriety it might be said of Dr. Donaldson, "And he walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." What a comfort to feel, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that his spirit is now with the Savior, who was dearer than life to him!

[From Rev. James Allison, D.D., Pittsburgh, Pa.]

Be assured that we appreciate the great loss sustained by yourself, the Church and the world, in the death of your husband. You have my deepest and tenderest sympathies.

[From Rev. Franklin Orr, Pomeroy, Iowa]

How much is there connected with his closing life for which you no doubt will feel thankful,—that not one Sabbath intervened between his active service in the church militant and his entrance into the joys of his Lord in the church triumphant! In looking back over the years that have passed since I first met the Doctor, I have not recalled one instance that was not of the most agreeable kind, and only once or twice in all these years when our judgments on points before Presbytery led us to vote differently. And now that so dear a friend has been called to his reward, it is a pleasure to recall the many incidents of the past that will keep his memory fresh, and enable us to realize that though

dead, he yet speaketh. I am thankful in having been permitted to enjoy so much of his company so near the close of his life, and sit with him at the Lord's table at his last communion service on earth.

[From Mr.(now Rev.)George H. Hill, Allegheny, Pa.]

The news came to me very suddenly, and brought with it a feeling of loneliness, for he seemed to me like a father. I shall not soon forget the few pleasant days spent with him the past winter. Surely "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

[From Mr.(now Rev.)F. A. Kerns, North Washington, Pa.]

I shall ever remember the pleasant hours spent with him last winter. It is seldom that one of his age has such a heartfelt interest in the young. His interest gave me great encouragement in the work, and I felt strengthened by my visit. I saw what a noble service one could perform when his sole aim was to serve God.

He performed his duties so cheerfully and nobly, even to the last, that he might well repeat the words of his Master, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." And we can almost hear the welcome as it is given, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." Could we but see the multitude of redeemed ones, who are saved through his ministry, as they usher him with all the heavenly glories into the presence of his Savior, we could not wish him back. Many, also, who now mourn their loss shall soon follow him to the eternal joys toward which he led them. His influence, so widely spread during his life, shall never die. Death has enshrouded him from our view, but his works shall never die. It can be truly said of him, "He

being dead, yet speaketh." His labors are ended, but his works survive him.

[From Rev. J. S. Elder, D. D., Clarion, Pa.]

A great and good man, ripe in years and honors, has passed to his reward. The minister, the scholar, the teacher, has left the scene of his busy activity. Loving hearts and hands join in erecting a memorial to his name.

When Rev. Alexander Donaldson came to Eldersridge, little did he or any one else foresee the grand achievements that through grace should be won by his effort. In a quiet country place a little band of worshipers, from widely scattered homes, gathered in their humble sanctuary. They had but recently emerged from wilderness life, and were just beginning to enjoy some measure of prosperity. Into the work of that field the young servant of Christ threw himself with rare energy and consecration. He was genial and warm-hearted. There was always something helpful in the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice. He possessed superior abilities. His learning was thorough, accurate, and extended. As an educator, the high success of the institution he founded and conducted was his best testimonial. His attainments in biblical knowledge were remarkable. He cherished theological views of the strictest type of Calvinistic doctrine. He was earnest and clear in the pulpit, and faithful and tender as a pastor. He had great heart power, acquired by personal love and sympathy for his people. His influence was felt, not only in his own and surrounding churches, but reached out in blessed power to wide-lying distances. In the church, the home, the school, he patiently and faithfully toiled in the furtherance of Christ's kingdom, helpful to mul-

titudes, and at the same time gained for himself a name that will endure through long succeeding years. Who can doubt that at last he realized the fulfillment of the promise, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

And what a noble character is presented to our admiration! What attainments in grace! what submission to the divine will, what loftiness of purpose, what graces of culture, what wisdom controlled by modesty and sanctified by convictions of truth, what success in winning souls! Who, better than dear old "Pater," understood the value of life, or illustrated more fully to his closing hour its personal discipline, its moral obligations and its great opportunities? What throngs learned to revere his name, so that he could preëminently say: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me!" How many of us, as he passed up to his crown, could only tearfully exclaim: "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

[From Rev. S. W. Miller, D. D., Saltsburg, Pa.]

If I were to attempt to utter in one single sentence my judgment of the life just closed, that one sentence would be, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" and I know that from thousands of hearts there would rise the responsive "Amen." I feel that I speak words of truth and soberness, words of just application, when I say that his was a life so spent as to secure the great end of living, namely, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." He was one of those great and broad-minded men who considered life as a unit, a whole, embracing our temporal and eternal well-being, our existence here and hereafter. It was evidently a first principle with

him so to live that every part of life should have a favorable bearing upon every other part, and serve to secure for himself and others the greatest possible amount of good. His view of life seemed to be that of the great Edwards, who said "That he would do whatsoever he thought to be most for God's glory, and his own good, profit and pleasure on the whole, without any consideration of time, whether now or never so many myriads of ages hence."

His was a kind, benevolent and generous spirit; his was a life animated with love to God and love to man; and as age came on, a life that kept itself warm by keeping itself in contact with the living, moving church and world around, doing good as he had opportunity, until, even as he himself desired, from the midst of his labors his Master called him home. It is most befitting that such a life should be honored and commemorated.

When we ponder the controlling force of learning in the professions, and in the positions of influence; when we remember that ideas are the controlling powers; that back of these is mind, educated, disciplined mind; and then when we think of the ministers, the physicians, the jurists, the legislators, the editors and the educators who have gone forth from Eldersridge Academy, bearing the impression of sanctified learning so forcibly illustrated in the daily life of this eminently Christian man, together with their united influence in helping to mould the present and future generations, we realize that eternity alone can reveal the value of his life and labors, not only directly in the cause of Christianity, but also in the cause of education and of humanity. Yes, only the hand of the Infinite Unknown shall be able to draw away the veil that hides from our

view much of the most real worth of his life and work, and which still in the life and work of others will continue to deepen and widen and lift to heaven for a thousand generations. Truly, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

When we contemplate this long period of labor in his congregations, in the Academy, in the Presbytery, and in the Church at large, as it goes on working for God, and multiplying itself from mind to mind, and how it has grown and widened, producing fruit in every profession of life, in other academies and educational institutions, and in increasing armies of educated mind, to the glory of God and the salvation of the race, I exclaim, though I trust not with the hopeless, despairing spirit of the Hebrew king, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" I esteem it a privilege and an honor to contribute my poor wreath of affection and esteem to the memory of this noble and good man.

[From Prof. R. D. Wilson, Allegheny, Pa.]

He was a godly man. His devotion to the Master was visible in all his acts, and tinged at all times his conversation. Another such it has not been my privilege to know. His vacations even were consecrated to the service of the Lord, and many a church and many a soul have reason to thank God because of his unselfish labors at times which by others are given over to idleness or selfish enjoyment, but by him were made redolent with the sweet incense of prayer, jubilant with glad songs of praise, triumphant with the gospel of God's salvation. If more of our Christian ministers would spend their vacations as he did his, the destitute parts of our Presbytery would speedily rejoice and blossom as the rose.

It was my privilege to spend one such vacation with

him. Besides holding meetings at Cherrytree, where his headquarters were, preaching services were held at Burnside, Washington, Garman's Mills and elsewhere. One service was held each night for one month. During the day many visits were made, and much time was spent in talking over the interests of the weak churches, and in encouraging the hearts and strengthening the faith of the almost desponding saints. The whole vacation was like an Old Testament Sabbath, a time of rest from ordinary occupations, and of devotion to prayer and praise, to instruction in God's word, and in doing good to those who were hungering for the bread of life.

No less characteristic of the departed was his humble and entire dependence on the Holy Spirit. On one occasion he said to me, when I was fearful of failure because I had had no time for preparation of a discourse: "I never refuse to preach. When I have time to prepare, I do so carefully. When I have no time to prepare, I go ahead and trust the Holy Spirit for assistance and power." These words have influenced my whole life. They have sustained me in many a time of weakness. They have comforted me after apparent failure with the thought that having done my best and in dependence on Him, means as well as results must be left with God. His prayers, his sermons and prayer-meeting talks, and even his private conversation, showed that he walked with God and had intercourse with him through the Spirit.

But this trust in the Holy Spirit was not a presumptuous trust. It did not lead him to neglect the word. It was under his encouragement that I was led to read the Greek New Testament through before I entered the theological seminary, taking three chapters a day as

my allotted task. It was under his advice that I purchased Gesenius' Hebrew-Latin Dictionary and a Hebrew Bible, and was in a measure prepared for my Hebrew studies before entering on my theological course. He could give with assurance this encouragement and advice, because he himself was a student of the Bible in the original and in the versions as well. "Every year," he told me, "I read the Old Testament through in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German, and the New Testament in Greek, Latin and German." No wonder he needed no special preparation, but was always ready for a sermon, or talk, or exhortation. Three chapters a day in the study of the word in from three to five languages might enable any man to trust the Spirit's power and assistance, when, to use one of Demosthenes' phrases, he was called upon to speak on the spur of the moment (*ek tou parachrema eipein*). It was this indefatigable study alone which gave him the ability to speak with ease and aptness on almost any subject of religious thought. I shall never forget how, at a convention held in the Ligonier Valley, he spoke with power and demonstration on subject after subject of a long program of varied topics. It was a vivid illustration of how a "scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Nor shall I ever forget the impression made upon me when a student, by a criticism of his upon a sermon for licensure from the text, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." He said substantially: "If the young brother had looked up the Hebrew, he might have found that there was a possible reference to the weary dove which found no rest, and returned unto Noah into the ark." This showed me, as I had never seen before, the neces-

sity of a minister's learning the Scriptures in the original languages.

The apparent egotism of this tribute must be forgiven, since my object has been to show the man as I knew him, as he taught and influenced me; that he being dead, may yet, possibly, speak to others through the words which he once spake to me.

[From Rev. J. M. Barnett, Washington, Pa.]

It is difficult to express in few words a tribute to his worth. When I went to teach for him in the spring of 1847, his school took form as an academy. My wife was the daughter of one of his most trusted elders. He baptized our boy. My first study of theology was under his direction, and my stay of four and one-half years and my intercourse with him had much to do in shaping the years that followed. Socially, and indeed in every way, he was a delightful and profitable companion. There was no assumption of superiority. He made you feel that his interests and attachment were sincere. It was inspiring to hear his hearty laugh, his pleasant words, and to watch his face as it glowed with enjoyment. He enjoyed a joke, and was quick at repartee, but his wit while keen was always pure and kind. Sometimes he suffered depression, but he often told me, on the other hand, that his enjoyment far more than compensated for any moments of depression. Always instructive and interesting, there were times when his feelings were wrought up and his utterances were wonderful. Friendship, temperance, country, and the love of Christ, called into play the fullest exercise of his powers. Those who heard his utterances on such occasions can not forget their beauty and simplicity of expression, their force of thought, their compre-

hensiveness of grasp, and their earnestness. Once, at the closing exercises of the Academy, Rev. Joseph Scroggs, D. D., who had been his preceptor, and to whom he was tenderly attached, made some very happy remarks which set Dr. Donaldson's soul on fire, and the words that fell from his lips were marvelous for their pathos, beauty and power.

In 1861 he was chairman of the Assembly's committee on the report of the Board of Home Missions. There was friction and trouble, causing great apprehension among the friends of the Board. Dr Donaldson read the committee's report, explained its bearing, and urged its adoption in a few well-chosen, clear and forcible words. The report was adopted almost without opposition, and the friction ceased. His address at Pittsburgh before the last convention held in the interest of the quickened life of the Church, will not be forgotten by those who heard it.

He was remarkable for his warm and continued attachment to his students. He followed them in their after-life, and rejoiced with almost parental affection in their successes, and sympathized with them in their reverses. When they came back to "the Ridge" none gave them a heartier welcome than he. No wonder that "his boys loved to call him Pater."

His unselfishness and singleness of purpose should be emphasized. The tribute paid him by Dr. Niccolls in his address before the students of the W. T. Seminary last spring was eminently just.—(A report of this tribute may be found on another page.)

While by training and thorough conviction a Presbyterian, he loved all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and he had many warmly attached friends in other

churches who felt his death as a personal bereavement. For fifty-one years the pastor of the same church, and for more years a teacher and faithful laborer for Christ, a true and tried friend, he rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

"NOW UNTO HIM THAT IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK, ACCORDING TO THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US, UNTO HIM BE GLORY IN THE CHURCH BY CHRIST JESUS THROUGHOUT ALL AGES, WORLD WITHOUT END. AMEN."

DATE DUE

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In Memoriam
Title Rev. Alexander Donaldson

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